THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. VII.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.
CORIOLANUS.

LONDON,

Printed for C. Bathurſt, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caſlon, E. Johnſon, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardener, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Beecroft, W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robſon, T. Payne, T. Becket, F. Newbery, G. Robinſon, R. Baldwin, J. Williams, J. Ridley, T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray,

MDCCLXXVIII.

RICHARD III.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Edward IV.

Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *after-wards* Edward V. } *Sons to* Edward IV.
Richard, *Duke of* York, }

George, *Duke of* Clarence, *Brother to* Edward IV.

A young Son of Clarence.

Richard, *Duke of* Gloſter, *Brother to* Edward IV. *afterwards King* Richard III.

Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.

Archbiſhop of York.

Biſhop of Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk. *Earl of* Surrey.

Earl Rivers, *brother to* K. Edwards's *Queen*.

Marquis of Dorſet, } *her ſons.*
Lord Grey. }

Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King* Henry VII.

Lord Haſtings.

Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Sir Richard Ratcliff.

Lord Lovel.

Sir William Cateſby.

Sir James Tyrrel.

Lord Stanley.

Earl of Oxford.

Sir James Blount.

Sir Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.

Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a Prieſt*. *Another Prieſt*.

Lord Mayor.

Elizabeth, *Queen of* Edward IV.

Queen Margaret, *Widow of* Henry VI.

Anne, *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to* Henry VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of* Gloſter.

Dutcheſs of York, *Mother to* Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Richard III.

Sheriff, Purſuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Ghoſts, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

England.

London. A Street.



Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York[2];

And

[1] *Life and Death of King Richard* III.] This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworthfield, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakespeare attempted it. See the notes at the conclusion of this play, which was first enter'd at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence.* Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A Tragical report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad.* It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song, ballad, book, enterlude* and *play*, were often synonymously used. STEEVENS.

[2] —*this sun of York;*] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was *a sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

B 2 So,

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings [3],
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds [4],

To

So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret:*

" Three *suns* were seen that instant to appear,
" Which soon again shut themselves up in one,
" Ready to buckle as the armies were,
" Which this brave duke took to himself alone &c."

Again, in the 22d Song of the *Polyolbion:*

" And thankful to high heaven which of his cause had care,
" Three *suns* for his device still in his ensign bare."

Again, in the Wrighte's Play in the *Chester Collection.* M. S. Harl. 1013, the same prodigy is introduced as attending on a more solemn event:

" That day was seene veramente
" *Three sonnes* in the firmament,
" And wonderly together went
" And torned into one." STEEVENS.

3 ——*merry meetings,*] So, in *The tragical Life and Death of King Richard the Third,* which is one of the metrical monologues in a collection entitled, *The Mirrour of Magistrates.* The first edition of it appeared in 1587, but the lines quoted on the present as well as future occasions throughout this play, are not found in any copy before that of 1610, so that the author was more probably indebted to Shakespeare than Shakespeare to him:

——the battles fought in fields before
Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie;
The war-god's thundring cannons dreadful rore,
And rattling drum-sounds' warlike harmonie,
To sweet-tun'd noise of pleasing minstrelsie.

God Mars laid by his launce, and tooke his lute,
And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling lookes;
Instead of crimson fields, war's fatal fruit,
He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brooks,
And set his thoughts upon her wanton lookes. STEEVENS.

4 ——*barbed steeds,*] I. Haywarde, in his *Life and Raigne of Henry IV.* 1599, says,—*The duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser,* barbed with blew and green velvet, &c.

So,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
[5] He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

So, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:
"——armed in a black armour, curiously damask'd with interwinding wreaths of cypress and ewe, his *barbe* upon his horse, all of black abrosetta, cut in broken hoopes upon curled cypress."
Again, in the 2d Part of *K. Edward* IV. by Heywood, 1626:
"With *barbed* horse, and valiant armed foot."
Barbed, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. Equus *bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horse adorned with military trappings. I have met with the word *barded* many times in our ancient chronicles and romances. An instance or two may suffice. "They mounted him surely upon a good and mighty courser, well *barded*, &c."

Hist. of Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date.

Again, in *Hall's Chronicle*, *King Henry* VIII. p. 45:
"—appereilled in ryche armure, on a *barded* courser &c."
Again, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:
"There floats the *bard* steed with his rider drown'd,
"Whose foot in his caparison is cast."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. 38:
"For whether that he trots, or turns, or bounds his *barded* steed."
Again, in Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580:
"*Bardes* or trappers of horses. *Phaleræ*, Lat."
Again, Holinshed speaking of the preparations for the battle of Agincourt: "——to the intent that if the *barded* horses ran fiercely upon them, &c" Again, p. 802, he says, that *bards* and *trappers* had the same meaning.

It is observed in the *Turkish Spy*, that the German cuirassiers, though armed and *barbed*, man and horse, were not able to stand against the French cavalry. STEEVENS.

[5] *He capers*——] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

[6] Cheated of feature by diffembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinifh'd, fent before my time
Into this breathing world, fcarce half made up,
And that fo lamely and unfafhionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pafs away the time ;
Unlefs to fpy my fhadow in the fun,
And defcant on mine own deformity [7] :
And therefore,—fince I cannot prove a lover [8],
To entertain thefe fair well-fpoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And [9] hate the idle pleafures of thefe days.
Plots have I laid, [1] inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophefies, libels, and dreams,
To fet my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one againft the other :

[6] *Cheated of feature by* diffembling *nature*,] By *diffembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a diffimilar kind, as a brave foul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

Diffembling is here put very licentioufly for *fraudful, deceitful*. JOHNSON.

[7] *And* defcant *on mine own deformity*:] *Defcant* is a term in mufic, fignifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrafe on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without fuch an idea of the nature of *defcant*, could not be difcerned. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[8] *And therefore, fince I cannot prove a lover*,] Shakefpeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickednefs of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rofe at the comparifon of his own perfon with others, and which incited him to difturb the pleafures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* hate *the idle pleafures*—] Perhaps we might read:
And bate *the idle pleafures*——— JOHNSON.

[1] ——*inductions dangerous*,] Preparations for mifchief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

Marfton has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame:

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous?"
STEEVENS.

And

And, if king[2] Edward be as true and juſt,
As I am ſubtle, falſe, and treacherous,
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mew'd up;
About a propheſy, which ſays—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majeſty,
Tendering my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is—George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He ſhould, for that, commit your godfathers:——
O, belike, his majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new chriſten'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after propheſies, and dreams;
And from the croſs-row plucks the letter G,
And ſays—a wizard told him, that by G
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be;
And, for my name of George begins with G[3],
It follows in his thought, that I am he:

[2] ——*Edward be as* true and juſt,] i. e. as open-hearted and free from deceit. WARBURTON.
The meaning is only this; if Edward keeps his word.
JOHNSON.

[3] *And, for my name of George begins with G*, &c.] So, in Nicols's *Tragical Life and Death of Richard* III:
"By that blind riddle of the letter G,
"*George* loſt his life; it took effect in me." STEEVENS.

These, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe [4],
Have mov'd his highneſs to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that ſends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him ſend lord Haſtings to the Tower;
From whence this preſent day he is deliver'd?
We are not ſafe, Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man ſecure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and miſtreſs Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. [5] Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
[6] The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me;
His majeſty hath ſtraitly given in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with his brother.

Glo. Even ſo? an pleaſe your worſhip, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man;—We ſay, the king
Is wiſe, and virtuous; and his noble queen

[4] —*toys*—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

[5] *Humbly complaining* &c.] I think theſe two lines might be better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

[6] *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf,*] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

Well

Well struck in years [7]; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the [8] queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewel: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister [9],—
I will

[7] *Well* struck *in years*;] This odd expression in our language was preceded by one as uncouth though of a similar kind. "*Well shot in years he seem'd* &c.] Spenser's *F. Queen*, B. V. c. vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has observed in his Essay on the *Faery Queen*, by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the queen's abjects*——] That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away. JOHNSON.

[9] *Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister*,] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's* wife, *sister*. I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually,

I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce [1]; farewel.

[*Exeunt Clarence and Brakenbury.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd [2],
While

casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king. JOHNSON.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloster has already called her, *the jealous o'er-worn widow*. STEEVENS.

[1] *I must perforce.*] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

[2] —*should be* mew'd,] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albumazar:*
"Stand

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul [3], that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

"Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*
"From brown soar feathers of dull yeomanry,
"To the glorious bloom of gentry." STEEVENS.

[3] *Now, by saint Paul,*———] The folio reads:
Now, by saint John,——— STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter the corſe of Henry the ſixth, with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,—
If honour may be ſhrouded in a hearſe,—
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament [4]
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaſter.—
Poor key-cold figure [5] of a holy king!
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter!
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon,
Stabb'd by the ſelf-ſame hand that made theſe wounds!
Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes:—
O, curſed be the hand, that made theſe holes!
Curſed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Curſed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,

[4] ——obſequiouſly *lament*] *Obſequious*, in this inſtance, means *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet*, act I. ſc. ii:

"*To do* obſequious *ſorrow*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——key-cold] A key, on account of the coldneſs of the metal of which it is compoſed, was anciently employed to ſtop any ſlight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers; among the reſt, it is uſed by Decker in his *Satiromaſtix*:

"—It is beſt you hide your head, for fear your wiſe brains take *key-cold*."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"The *key-cold* figure of a man." STEEVENS.

Or

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys [5].
Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

[5] *Ill make a corse of him that disobeys.*] So, in *Hamlet:*
"*I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.*" JOHNSON.

For

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—[6]
Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—[7]
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.——

[6] —*pattern of thy butcheries:*] *Pattern* is *instance*, or *example*. JOHNSON.

Holinshed says: "The dead corps on the Ascension even was conveied with billes and glaives pompouslie (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced; the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thense he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewise; &c." STEEVENS.

[7] ———*see, dead Henry's wounds,*
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—]
It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds:
"This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth
"Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it."
Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:
"The captain will assay an old conclusion often approved; that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty against the murderer."

Again, in the 46th *Idea* of Drayton:
"If the vile actors of the heinous deed,
"Near the dead body happily be brought,
"Oft t'hath been prov'd the breathless corps will *bleed*."
Mr. Tollet observes that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. [8] Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

[8] *Vouchsafe,* diffus'd *infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular.* So, in *The Merry Wives,* &c.

"———rush at once
"With some *diffused* song."

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617:

"I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his sutes; his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, &c." STEEVENS.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
[9] That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous [1].—

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

9 *That laid their guilt*——] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward. JOHNSON.

1 *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.*
Glo. *The fitter for the king of heaven,* &c.]
So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.
"*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her." STEEVENS.

Anne.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest!
Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method[5];—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. [6] Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

[2] —*a slower method;*—] As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. In the next scene lord Grey desires the queen to

—cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words.

STEEVENS.

[3] *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect;*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it:

Thou wast the cause. And most accurs'd th' effect!

WARBURTON.

I cannot but be rather of sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

"——— thou art the *cause*,
"*Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou." STEEVENS.

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death [4].

[4] *——they kill me with a living death.*] In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:
"——*a* living death *I bear,*
"*Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.*" JOHNSON.

Those

Thofe eyes of thine from mine have drawn falt tears,
Sham'd their afpects with ftore of childifh drops:
[5] Thefe eyes, which never fhed remorfeful tear,—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford fhook his fword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the fad ftory of my father's death;
And twenty times made paufe, to fob, and weep,
That all the ftanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedafh'd with rain: in that fad time,
My manly eyes did fcorn an humble tear;
And what thefe forrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never fu'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn fweet foothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to fpeak.
[*She looks fcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip fuch fcorn; for it was made
For kiffing, lady, not for fuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this fharp-pointed fword;
Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true breaft,
And let the foul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ftroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breaft open, fhe offers at it with his fword.*
Nay, do not paufe; for I did kill king Henry;—
[6] But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now difpatch; 'twas I that ftabb'd young Edward;——

[5] *Thefe eyes, which never* &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the firft edition. Pope.

They were added with many more. Johnson.

[6] *But 'twas thy beauty*———] Shakefpeare countenances the obfervation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. Johnson.

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*She puts on the ring.*

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place [7]:

Where

[7] ——*Crosby-place:*] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster. JOHNSON.

Crosby-Place is now *Crosby*-square in Bishopsgate-street; part of the

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewel.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you
[8] Imagine I have said farewel already.

[*Exeunt two, with lady Anne.*

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[8] *Imagine, I have said farewel already.*] Cibber, who altered Rich. III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history. STEEVENS.

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
[9] Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal [1],—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—

[9] *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

[1] *——and, no doubt, right royal,—*] Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him royalty. I believe we should read:

————and, no doubt, right loyal.

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was *young*, *wise*, *and valiant*; these were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and*, *no doubt right* loyal. JOHNSON.

Richard is not speaking of king Henry, but of Edward his son, whom he means to represent as *full of all the noble properties of a king*. *No doubt*, *right royal*, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEEVENS.

Shine

Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers her brother, and Lord Grey her son.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And chear his grace with quick and merry words.
Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.
Queen. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Queen. [2] It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham, and Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck.

[2] *It is* determin'd, *not* conclude*d yet*:] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.
WARBURTON.

[3] *Here come the lords of Buckingham and* Derby.] This is a blunder

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks chearfully.

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement [4]
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,

der of inadvertence, which has run through the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakespeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history, and the intermarriages of the nobility. The person here called Derby, was Thomas lord Stanley, lord steward of king Edward the fourth's houshold. But this Thomas lord Stanley was not created earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the seventh; and accordingly, afterwards, in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title. THEOBALD.

[4] *Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement*] Thus all the old editions that I have seen; but Mr. Pope altered it thus:
"Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement;"
and has been followed by succeeding editors. STEEVENS.

And

And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them [5] to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king—of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself;

5 ——*to* warn *them*] i. e. to *summon.* So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here." Steevens.

Makes

Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will [6], and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glocester;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for-

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—Why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

[6] *Of your ill-will,* &c.] This line is restored from the first edition. POPE.

Glo.

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
[7] Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, [8] my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. [9] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

[7] *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said*] This verse I have restored from the old quarto's. THEOBALD.

[8] —*my pains*—] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

[9] Out, *devil!*—] Read, *No.* WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; but if there were, the commentator does not change enough. He should read:

———*I remember* them *too well;*

that is, *his pains.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon Field,* that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in act IV:

"———*out* on ye, owls!" STEEVENS.

I was

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize [1] his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—[2] Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in these busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

[1] ——*royalize,*] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:
"Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*
"The triumphs &c." STEEVENS.

[2] ————*Was not your husband,*
In Margaret's battle,————]
It is said in *Henry* VI. that he died *in quarrel of the house of York.* JOHNSON.

Glo. If I ſhould be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*She advances.*
[3] Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me[4]:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
[5] Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not baniſhed, on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in baniſhment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A huſband, and a ſon, thou ow'ſt to me,—

[3] *Hear me, you wrangling pirates,* &c.] This ſcene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Caſſandra, for the following tragic revolutions. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*which you have* pill'd *from me:*] To *pill* is to pillage. So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:
"He has not *pill'd* the rich, nor flay'd the poor." STEEVENS.

[5] *Ah, gentle villain,*—— ——] We ſhould read:
————ungentle *villain,*———— WARBURTON.
The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high-born*. An oppoſition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:
Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,
There's many a gentle *perſon made a Jack.* JOHNSON.

And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

[6] *Queen.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!——
Though not by war, [7] by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

[6] Q. Mar. *So just is God*, &c.] This line should be given to Edward IVth's queen. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*by surfeit die your king!*] Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNSON.

Thy-

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd[6] abortive,[7] rooting hog!

Thou

[8] ——*elvish*-mark'd] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*rooting hog!*] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. WARBURTON.

She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*.

Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
[1] The ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell!
Thou ſlander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
[2] Thou rag of honour! thou deteſted—

Glo.

boar, as he is elſewhere termed from his enſigns armorial. There is no ſuch heap of alluſion as the commentator imagines. JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror for Magiſtrates* (a book already quoted) is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime.*

For where I meant the king by name of hog,
I only alluded to his badge the bore:
To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;
Becauſe moſt dogs have borne that name of yore.
Theſe metaphors I us'd with other more,
As cat and rat, the half-names of the reſt,
To hide the ſenſe that they ſo wrongly wreſt.

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog, may be likewiſe known from a paſſage in *The Hiſtorie of Jacob and Eſau*, an interlude, 1568:

" Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
" Fette *lovell my hounde*, and my horne to blowe."

The rhime for which Collingbourne ſuffered, was:

" A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
" Rule all England under a hog." STEEVENS.

[1] *The ſlave of nature,* ——] The expreſſion is ſtrong and noble, and alludes to the ancient cuſtom of maſters branding their profligate ſlaves: by which it is inſinuated that his miſhapen perſon was the mark that nature had ſet upon him to ſtigmatize his ill conditions. Shakeſpeare expreſſes the ſame thought in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" *He is deformed, crooked,* &c.
" *Stigmatical in making,* ———"

But as the ſpeaker riſes in her reſentment, ſhe expreſſes this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a ſtill worſe ſtate of ſlavery:

" *Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their* marks *on him.*"

Only, in the firſt line, her mention of his moral condition inſinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the laſt, her mention of his deformity inſinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to ſcold in all the elegance of figure. WARBURTON.

[2] *Thou* rag *of honour,* &c.] We ſhould certainly read:

Thou wrack *of honour* ———

i. e.

Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt yourſelf.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune [3]!
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that [4] bottled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf.
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Haſt. Falſe-boding woman, end thy frantick curſe;
Leſt, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

i. e. the ruin and deſtruction of honour; which, I ſuppoſe, was firſt writ *rack*, and then further corrupted to *rag*. WARBURTON.

Rag is, in my opinion, right, and intimates that much of his honour is torn away. *Patch* is, in the ſame manner, a contemptuous appellation. JOHNSON.

This word of contempt is uſed again in *Timon*:
"If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor *rag*,
"Muſt be the ſubject."
Again, in this play:
"Theſe over-weening *rags* of France." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*flouriſh of my fortune!*] This expreſſion is likewiſe uſed by Maſſinger in the *Great Duke of Florence*:
"——— I allow theſe
"As *flouriſhings of fortune.*" STEEVENS.

[4] ———*bottled ſpider,*] A ſpider is called bottled, becauſe, like other inſects, he has a middle ſlender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom, make her liken him to a ſpider. JOHNSON.

Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my ſubjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatic.

Q. Mar. [5] Peace, maſter marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!
They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dorſ. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.

Q. Mar. And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!—
Witneſs my ſun, now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.

[5] *Peace, maſter marquis; you are malapert;* &c.] Shakeſpeare may either allude to the late creation of the marquis of Dorſet, or to the inſtitution of the title of marquis here in England, as a ſpecial dignity, which was no older than Richard II. Robert Vere, earl of Oxford, was the firſt, who, as a diſtinct dignity, received the title of marquis, 1ſt December, *anno nono Richardi ſecundi.* See Aſhmole's *Hiſtory of the Order of the Garter*, p. 456. GRAY.

Peace, maſter marquis, you are malapert;] As near a hundred years had elapſed between the time when the title of marquis was firſt inſtituted in England, and the creation of this Thomas Grey marquis of Dorſet, I think Shakeſpeare can hardly allude to the inſtitution of the dignity itſelf; much leſs could he call it a *fire-new ſtamp of honour ſcarce current.* Robert Vere, the firſt created marquis received this new title, A. D. 1386. Thomas Grey was created marquis of Dorſet, A. D. 1476. PERCY.

Your

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's neſt [6] :—
O God, that ſee'ſt it, do not ſuffer it;
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo!

Buck. Peace, peace, for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,—
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their marks upon him;
And all their miniſters attend on him.

Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the devil that I warn thee from?

[6] *Your* aiery *buildeth in our* aiery'*s neſt:*—] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's neſt. So, in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"It is a ſubtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"His high-built *aiery* ſhall be drown'd in blood."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour:*

"One *aiery*, with proportion, ne'er diſcloſes
"The eagle and the wren." STEEVENS.

O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's [7]! [*Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I wonder, she's at liberty [8].

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Queen. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
[9] He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,

[7] *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!]
It is evident from the conduct of Shakespeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In this play of *Richard the Third*, he seems to reduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

[8] —*I wonder she's at liberty.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

———I *muse*, why she's at liberty. STEEVENS.

[9] He is frank'd up to fatting *for his pains;*—] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of act IV. POPE.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-stye*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made.
STEEVENS.

To

To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us [1].

Glo. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Madam, his majeſty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Queen. Cateſby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloſter.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs that I ſet abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkneſs,—
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Haſtings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That ſtir the king againſt the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I ſigh, and, with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, ſtol'n forth of holy writ;
And ſeem a ſaint, when moſt I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, ſtout, reſolved mates?
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?

[1] ——*done* ſcathe *to us.*] *Scathe* is harm, miſchief. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

"Whom now that paltry iſland keeps from *ſcath.*"

Again:

"Millions of men oppreſt with ruin and *ſcath.*"

STEEVENS.

1 *Mur.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Mur.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears [2]:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.
1 *Mur.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in the Tower.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian [3] faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

[2] *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears;*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is used again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
"Men's eyes must *mill-stones* drop, when fools shed tears."
STEEVENS.

[3] ———*faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

Brak.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſs to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloſter:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd towards England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaſter
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloſter ſtumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to ſtay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of water in mine ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels [4],
All ſcatter'd in the bottom of the ſea.
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and, in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
[5] That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

[4] *Ineſtimable ſtones*, unvalued *jewels*,] *Unvalu'd* is here uſed for *invaluable*. So, in *Lovelace's Poſthumous Poems*, 1659:
-the *unvalew'd* robe ſhe wore
Made infinite lay lovers to adore."
Again:
" And what ſubſtantial riches I poſſeſs,
" I muſt to theſe *unvalew'd* dreams confeſs." MALONE.

[5] *That* woo'd *the ſlimy bottom*——] By ſeeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now ſay, to *ogle* it. JOHNSON.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman[6] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, [7]*fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—*
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends[8]
Envi-

[6] ——*grim* ferryman.] The folio reads——*sour* ferryman. STEEVENS.

[7] ——fleeting, *perjur'd Clarence,*] *Fleeting* is the same as *changing sides.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
——— now the *fleeting* moon
No planet is of mine.
Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *a legion of foul fiends*
Environ'd me, &c.]
Milton seems to have thought on this passage where he is describing the midnight sufferings of *Our Saviour,* in the 4th book of *Paradise Regain'd:*
" —nor

Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
[9] O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [*Clarence sleeps.*
[1] Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
[2] Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;

"—— nor yet stay'd the terror there,
"Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
"Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd—" STEEVENS.

[9] *O God! if my deep prayers* &c.] The four following lines have been added since the first edition. POPE.

[1] *Sorrow breaks seasons,* &c.] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPE.

[2] *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*
An outward honour, for an inward toil;]
The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:
Princes have but their titles for their troubles. JOHNSON.

And,

And, [3] for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

2 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:—
Shew him our commission, talk no more.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

[3] —*for unfelt imaginations,*
They often feel a world of restless cares:]
They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. JOHNSON.

1 *Murd.*

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'ſt been reſolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloſter, and tell him ſo.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope, this compaſſionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd* Where's thy conſcience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloſter's purſe.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom; it fills one full of obſtacles: it made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.*

2 *Murd.* [4] Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* [5] Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard [6] with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, [7] we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

[4] *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe* him *not:* he *would insinuate with thee*, &c.] One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, *&c.* It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it*, namely, conscience. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. STEEVENS.

[5] *Spoke like a tall fellow,*] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout*, *daring*, *fearless*, and *strong*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*the* costard] *i. e.* the head, a name adopted from an apple shap'd like a man's head. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"One and two rounds at his *costard*."

Hence likewise the term *costar-monger*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*we'll reason*—] We'll talk. JOHNSON.

1 *Murd.*

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. [8] Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful [9] quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption [1],
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

[8] *Are you* call'd *forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read:

Are ye cull'd *forth*——— JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men.

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou *call'd* forth amongst a thousand men
"To minister this soveraign antidote?" STEEVENS.

[9] *What lawful* quest—] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*as you hope* to have redemption,] The folio reads—*as you hope for any goodness.* The quarto likewise adds:

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins. STEEVENS.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing [1], brave Plantagenet,

[1] —*springing Plantagenet,*] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the *spring* of life. JOHNSON.

When gallant, springing,] This should be printed as one word, I think;—*gallant-springing*. Shakespeare is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate* and *mortal-staring*. TYRWHITT.

That

That princely [2] novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to ſlaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother Gloſter;
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloſter hates you.
Clar. Oh, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, ſo we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bleſs'd his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip:
Bid Gloſter think on this, and he will weep [3].
1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-ſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not ſlander him, for he is kind.
1 *Murd.* Right, as ſnow in harveſt.—Come, you deceive yourſelf;
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore, with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 *Murd.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my lord.

[2] —*novice,*—] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.
[3] ——*he will weep.*
1 *Murd. Ay,* millſtones.
So, in Maſſinger's *City Madam*:
"—— He, good gentleman,
"Will weep when he hears how we are uſed.—
"Yes, *millſtones.* STEEVENS."

Clar.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
O, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, [4] and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not intreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my distress,——

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not [5]?

2 *Murd.*

[4] ——*and save your souls*, &c.] The six following lines are not in the old edition. POPE.

They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*what beggar pities not?*] I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner:

Clar. *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*
Vil. *A begging prince!*
Clar. *Which of you, if you were a prince's son*, &c.

Upon this provocation, the villain naturally strikes him. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope's note is not accurately stated. I believe this passage should be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and save your souls.
1 *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you if you were a prince's son
Being pent——
If two such——
Would not intreat for life?
My friend, I spy——

O, if

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not ſerve, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſey-butt within. [*Exit.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter firſt Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By heaven, the duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me that the duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
'Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay.
[*Exit, with the body.*

O, if thine eye——
Come then on my ſide, and intreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my diſtreſs.
A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?] To this in the quarto, the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not ſerve,
I'll chop thee in the malmeſey but in the next roome.

and then ſtabs him. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquis.

Dor.

Dor. This enterchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
ith thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love [*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. [*Embracing Rivers, &c.*
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign, king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and deſire all good men's love.—
Firſt, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice;—
Of you, my noble couſin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,
That all without deſert have frown'd on me;—
Of you, lord Woodville,—and lord Scales, of you,—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know [6] that Engliſhman alive,
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day this ſhall be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all ſtrifes were well compounded.—
My ſovereign lord, I do beſeech your highneſs
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this royal preſence?

[6] *I do not know* &c.] Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this obſervation. "The poets, and ſome Engliſh, have been in this point ſo mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any perſon, than of a tyrant. I ſhall not inſtance an abſtruſe author, wherein the king might be leſs converſant, but one whom we well know was the cloſet-companion of theſe his ſolitudes, William Shakeſpeare; who introduced the perſon of Richard the Third, ſpeaking in as high a ſtrain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any paſſage in this book, and ſometimes to the ſame ſenſe and purpoſe with ſome words in this place; *I intended*, ſaith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like ſaith Richard, act II. ſc. i:

I do not know that Engliſhman alive
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Other ſtuff of this ſort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet uſed not much licence in departing from the truth of hiſtory, which delivers him a deep diſſembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

Who-

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand [7],
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. [8] The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. [9] Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And

[7] —*some tardy cripple* &c.] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the *Baron's Wars:*

"Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
"Comfort's a *cripple*, and comes ever slow." STEEVENS.

[8] *The forfeit*——] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

[9] *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is

And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſu'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be adviſ'd?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkſbury,
When Oxford had me down, he reſcu'd me,
And ſaid, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himſelf,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals,
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeak,
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeak unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul.—The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Haſtings, help me to my cloſet. Oh,
Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt King and Queen, Haſtings, Rivers, Dorſet, and Grey.*

Glo. Theſe are the fruits of raſhneſs!—Mark'd you not,

is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no leſs naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

How

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry,—*O Clarence, my unhappy ſon!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty couſins, you miſtake me both;
I do lament the ſickneſs of the king,
As loth to loſe him, not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow, to wail one that's loſt.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloſter
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice !
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

Enter the Queen, distractedly ; Rivers, and Dorset, after her.

Queen. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence :—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ?—
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on [1] his images :
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance

[1] ——*his images :*] The children by whom he was represented. JOHNSON.

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, [2] being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

[2] —— *being govern'd by the watry moon,*] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a Clarence weep, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I;
I for an Edward weep, ſo do not they:—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold diſtreſs'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus oppoſite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your ſon: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown deſperate ſorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloſter, Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe—
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your bleſſing.
Dutch. God bleſs thee; and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's bleſſing; [*Aſide.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-ſorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love:
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this king,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hearts,
ut lately ſplinted, knit, and join'd together,
ently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd, and kept:
e le eth good, that, with ſome little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with ſome little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, leſt, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice ſhould break out;
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And ſo in me; and ſo, I think, in all:
Yet, ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the prince.

[3] *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*] Edward the young prince, in his father's life time, and at his demiſe, kept his houſhold at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's ſide. The intention of his being ſent thither was to ſee juſtice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his preſence, to reſtrain the Welſhmen, who were wild, diſſolute, and ill-diſpoſed, from their accuſtomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinſhed, &c. THEOBALD.

Haſt.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures [4] in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*

Manent Buckingham, and Gloster.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of [5],
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

4 ——*your* censures——] To *censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"——yet if I *censure* freely,
"I needs must think that face and personage
"Was ne'er deriv'd from baseness."

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,
"And saith, let Marius lead the legions forth."

Again, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

"Set each man forth his passions how he can,
"And let her *censure* make the happiest man."

STEEVENS.

5 *I'll sort occasion,*
As index to the story——]

i. e. preparatory—by way of prelude. So, in *Hamlet*:

"That storms so loud and thunders in the *index*."

See the note on that passage. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A street near the court.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2 *Cit* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child[6]!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
[7] That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and 'till then, govern well.

[6] *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*]
"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."
Ecclesiastes, ch. x. STEEVENS.

[7] Which *in his nonage*,——] The word *which* has no antecedent, nor can the sense or connection be easily restored by any change. I believe a line to be lost, in which some mention was made of the *land* or the *people*. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *that*. STEEVENS.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change [8], still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see

[8] *Before the days of change*, &c.] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest." TOLLET.

The

The water ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.
3 *Cit.* And ſo was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the palace.

Enter Archbiſhop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutcheſs of York.

Arch. Laſt night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford they do reſt to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the prince;
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Queen. But I hear, no; they ſay, my ſon of York
Has almoſt overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.
Dutch. Why, my young couſin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloſter,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flowers are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee:
He was [9] the wretched'ſt thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Arch. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

[9] ——*the* wretched'ſt *thing*,——] *Wretched* is here uſed in a ſenſe yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expectation. JOHNSON.

Dutch.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had [1] been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy [2]:—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger [3].

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Queen. How doth the prince?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and, with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan.

been remember'd,] *To be remembered* is in Shakespeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

[2] *A* parlous *boy.*] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"A *parlous* youth, sharp and satirical." STEEVENS.

[3] *Enter a Messenger.* The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset.* STEEVENS.

Dutch.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Glofter, and Buckingham.

Queen. [4] For what offence?

Mes. The fum of all I can, I have difclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me, I fee the ruin of my houfe!
The tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and [6] awlefs throne:—
Welcome deftruction, blood, and maffacre!
I fee, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accurfed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My hufband loft his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my fons were toft,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and lofs:
And being feated, and domeftick broils
Clean over-blown, themfelves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themfelves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, felf againft felf:—O, prepofterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned fpleen;
[7] Or let me die, to look on death no more!

[4] *For what offence?*] This queftion is given to the archbifhop in former copies, but the meffenger plainly fpeaks to the queen or dutchefs. JOHNSON.

[6] —*awlefs*—] Not producing awe, not reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Or let me die, to look on* earth *no more.*] This is the reading of all the copies, from the firft edition put out by the players, downwards. But I have reftored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentic quartos, by which the thought is finely and properly improved.

Or let me die, *to look on* death *no more.* THEOBALD.

This quarto printed in 1597 I have never feen, neither was it in Theobald's collection of the old copies, which the late Mr. Tonfon poffeffed entire. STEEVENS.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewel.
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
Queen. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

In London.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Glofter and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, [*] to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

[*] ——*to your* chamber.] London was anciently called *Camer regia.* POPE.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody,* 1633: 2d Part:

"This city, *our great chamber.*" STEEVENS.

Hath

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Than of his outward ſhew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart [9].
Thoſe uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Prince. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

Mayor. God bleſs your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—
I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Haſtings.

Buck. And, in good time [1], here comes the ſweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken ſanctuary: The tender prince

[9] ——jumpeth *with the heart:*] So, in *Soliman and Perſeda:* "Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*in good time,*] A la bonne heure. Fr. STEEVENS.

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
[2] Too ceremonious, and traditional:
[3] Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

[2] *Too* ceremonious, *and* traditional:] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

[3] *Weigh it but with the* grossness *of* this *age,*] But the more *gross*, that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's case: It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus:

Weigh it but with the greenness *of* his *age,*

i. e. the young duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true:

——— *the* greatness of his *age.* WARBURTON.

This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading may stand:

Weigh it but with the grossness *of* this age,
You break not sanctuary,———

That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

You

You break not ſanctuary in ſeizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
Your break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men [4];
But ſanctuary children, ne'er 'till now.

Card. My lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Haſtings, will you go with me?

Haſt. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal, and Haſtings.*
Say, uncle Gloſter, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn 'till our coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day, or two,
Your highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæſar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, ſince, ſucceeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But ſay, my lord, it were not regiſter'd;
Methinks, the truth ſhould live from age to age,

[4] *Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men*; &c.] Theſe arguments againſt the privilege of ſanctuary are taken from ſir Tho. More's *Life of K. Edward the Fifth*, publiſhed by Stowe: "——And verily, I have often heard of ſanctuary men, but I never heard earſt of ſanctuary children, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long [6]. [*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[7] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize,—two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prince.

[5] *As 'twere* retail'd *to all posterity,*] And so it is: and, by that means, like most other *retailed* things, became adulterated. We should read:

————intail'd *to all posterity*;

which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of. WARBURTON.

Retailed may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNSON.

[6] *So wise*, &c.]

Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,

a proverbial line.

Nov. 21, 1576, was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, "Carminum proverbialium totius humanæ vitæ, loci communes." From this collection, perhaps, the pentameter, which I have quoted from memory, is derived. STEEVENS.

[7] *Thus, like the formal* vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.]

By *vice*, the author means not a *quality*, but a *person*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester; (who was to play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This *buffoon* was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another arlequin) he was to make sport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the constant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and encreased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed from the scene; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicious quality, which he occasionally supported; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fiend (or *vice*,) who personated Iniquity (or Hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character;

he

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His

he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention.* If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it. THEOBALD.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.]

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personage of those sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester: And, (as the woman, in the *Merchant of Venice*, calls the clown, alluding to this character,) a *merry devil.* Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to this *vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Jonson's *Staple of News*, second intermeane:

"M. *How like you the* vice *i' the play?*

"T. *Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.*

"M. *That was the old way, gossip, when* Iniquity *came in, like Hocas Pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs.*"

And, in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old *vice*, *Iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gathered, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the *formal vice*, *Iniquity*, must be corrupt: And the interpolation of some foolish player. The *vice*, or *iniquity* being not a *formal* but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakespeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspence, my conjecture is, that Shakespeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner:

Thus like the formal-wise *Antiquity*,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the mythologic learning of the antients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is

His wit ſet down to make his valour live;
Death makes no conqueſt of this conqueror;

For

is to this effect, You men of morals who ſo much extol your all-wiſe antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themſelves called their remote antiquity, Διχόμυθος or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general ſenſe; as to that which ariſes particularly out of the corrected expreſſion, I ſhall only obſerve, that *formal-wiſe* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the ſpeaker, who thought all *wiſdom* but *formality*. It muſt therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other obſervation is with regard to the pointing; the common reading:

I moralize two meanings———

is nonſenſe: but reformed in this manner, very ſenſible:

Thus like the formal-wiſe Antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

i.e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he inſinuates was no better than equivocating. WARBURTON.

This alteration Mr. Upton very juſtly cenſures. Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really neceſſary. See the diſſertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a queſtion, to what equivocation Richard refers? The poſition immediately preceding, that *fame lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, ſeems to have no ambiguity. He muſt allude to the former line:

So young ſo wiſe, they ſay, did ne'er live long,

in which he conceals under a proverb, his deſign of haſtening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following ſtage direction, in an old dramatic piece, entituled, *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that *the Vice* and *Iniquity* were ſometimes diſtinct perſonages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewiſe makes the diſtinction in his firſt ſpeech:

"*Ho, ho, ho! theſe babes mine are all,*
"*The Vice, Iniquitie, and child prodigal.*"

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmeſtone near Saliſbury. I know no writer who gives ſo complete an account of this obſolete character, as archbiſhop Harſnet, in his *Declaration of Popiſh Im-*

poſtures,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers [8] lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my [9] dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
[1] Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

pastures, p. 114, Lond. 1603: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted." STEEVENS.

[8] ——lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON. So, in the old proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130. edit. 3d. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*dread lord*;——] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Too late he died*,——] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the Oxford editor makes him say:

Too soon he died—— WARBURTON.

O, my

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.
Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give[2].
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. [3] I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

[2] *And, being but a toy, which is no* gift *to give.*] This is the reading of the quartos; the first folio reads:

And, being but a toy, which is no grief *to give.*

This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think erroneously, by all the editors. JOHNSON.

The quarto 1612 reads:

———— *no* grief ———— STEEVENS.

[3] *I weigh it lightly,* &c.] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. But the Oxford editor reads:

I'd *weigh it lightly,*————

i. e. I could manage it, tho' it were heavier. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii:

"You *weigh* me not,—O that's you care not for me."
STEEVENS.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
[3] Becauſe that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.

Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it ſo.

York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghoſt;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Haſtings, Cardinal and attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you this opprobriouſly?

[3] *Becauſe that I am little like an ape,*] The reproach ſeems to conſiſt in this: at country ſhews it was common to ſet the monkey on the back of ſome other animal, as a *bear*. The duke therefore, in calling himſelf *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. JOHNSON.
To this cuſtom there ſeems to be an alluſion in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Gypſies:*

"A gypſy in his ſhape,
"More calls the beholder,
"Than *the fellow with the ape*,
"Or *the ape on his ſhoulder*." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Catesf. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Catesf. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold [4] divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;

4 ———— divided *councils*,] That is, a *private consultation*, *separate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says:
Bid him not fear the separated *councils*. JOHNSON.

And

And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Catef. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Catef. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do[5]:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[6]

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,——

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

5 ——*will do:*] The folio reads—will *determine.* STEEVENS.

6 Scene II. Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from the *Chronicles*, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleep theſe tedious nights?
Meſ. So it ſhould ſeem by that I have to ſay.
Firſt, he commends him to your noble lordſhip.
Haſt. And then,—
Meſ. Then certifies your lordſhip, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had raſed off his helm [7]:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he ſends to know your lordſhip's pleaſure,—
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the north,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.
Haſt. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils:
His honour, and myſelf, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Cateſby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, [9] wanting inſtance:
And for his dreams,—I wonder, he's ſo fond
To truſt the mockery of unquiet ſlumbers:

[7] ———*the* boar *had* raſed *off his helm.*] This term *raſed* or *raſhed* is always given to deſcribe the violence inflicted by a *boar*. So, in *K. Lear*, 4to edit:
"In his anointed fleſh *raſh* boariſh fangs."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 36:
"—ha, cur, avaunt, the bore ſo *raſe* thy hide!"
By the *boar*, throughout this ſcene, is meant Gloſter, who was called the *boar*, or the *hog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the ſupporters of his coat of arms.
STEEVENS.

[9] ———*wanting inſtance:*] That is, *wanting* ſome *example or act of malevolence*, by which they may be juſtified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reaſon. JOHNSON.
The folio reads—*without* inſtance. STEEVENS.

To

To fly the boar, before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us,
And make purſuit, where he did mean no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he ſhall ſee, the boar will uſe us kindly.

Meſ. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay. [*Exit.*

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Haſt. Good morrow, Cateſby; you are early ſtirring;
What news, what news, in this our tottering ſtate?

Cateſ. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,
'Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Haſt. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the crown?

Cateſ. Ay, my good lord.

Haſt. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?

Cateſ. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he ſends you this good news,—
That, this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, muſt die at Pomfret.

Haſt. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,
To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cateſ. God keep your lordſhip in that gracious mind!

Haſt.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.
Catesf. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Catesf. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stanl. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood[9],
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,

[9] —*the holy* rood,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:
" Whan hir swete sone shall on a *rood* deye."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. v:
" And nigh thereto a little chapell stoode
" Which being all with yvy overspred,
" Deck'd all the roofe, and shadowing the *roode*,
" Seem'd like a grove fair branched overhed."
STEEVENS.

Was

Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?

Stanl. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they, indeed, had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet, you ſee, how ſoon the day o'er-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of rancour I miſdoubt;
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs coward!
What, ſhall we toward the Tower? the day is ſpent.

Haſt. Come, come, [1] have with you.——Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stanl. [2] They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than ſome, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord Stanley, and Cateſby.*
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purſ. The better, that your lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.

Haſt. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet:
Then I was going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate than ere I was.

Purſ. God [3] hold it, to your honour's good content!

[1] —— *have with you.*——] A familiar phraſe in parting, as much as, *take ſomething along with you*, or *I have ſomething to ſay to you*. JOHNSON.

[2] *They, for their truth*, ——] That is, with reſpect to their *honeſty*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*hold it*,——] That is, *continue* it. JOHNSON.

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. [*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last [4] exercise;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no [5] shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

[4] —*exercise;*] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

[5] —*shriving work in hand.*] *Shriving work* is *confession.* JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Before Pomfret-castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, conducting Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners [6].
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
As for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

[6] *Come, bring forth the prisoners.*] This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stanl. They are, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow:

I have

I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign,
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue[7], my lord,
William lord Haſtings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Haſtings, no man might be bolder;
His lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborn,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries[8] in your garden there;
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit Ely.*

Glo. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Cateſby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſs;
And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,

[7] *Had you not come upon your* cue——] This expreſſion is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a ſpeech, conſiſts of the laſt words, which are the token for an entrance or anſwer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*I ſaw good ſtrawberries*] The reaſon why the biſhop was diſpatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinſhed, from whom Shakeſpeare adopted the circumſtance, than in this ſcene, where it is introduced. Nothing ſeems to have happened which might not have been tranſacted with equal ſecurity in the preſence of the reverend cultivator of *theſe ſtrawberries*, whoſe complaiſance is likewiſe recorded by the author of the Latin play on the ſame ſubject, in the Muſeum:

Elienſis antiſtes venis? ſenem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga *plurimum producere.*

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; eſſet lautius vellem mihi
[illegible]o ſim tibi gratus.

This circumſtance of aſking for the ſtrawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the hiſtorians merely to ſhew the unuſual affability and good humour which the diſſembling Gloſter affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Haſtings. STEEVENS.

That he will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
His maſter's child, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt Gloſter, and Buckingham.*

Stanl. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have ſent
For theſe ſtrawberries.

Haſt. His grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this morning;
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Chriſtendom,
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.

Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any [9] likelihood he ſhew'd to-day?

Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloſter, and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their helliſh charms?

Haſt. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence

[9] ——*likelihood*——] Semblance; appearance. JOHNSON.
So, in another of our author's plays:
——poor *likelihoods*, and modern ſeemings. STEEVENS.

To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
y, my lord, they have deserved death.
Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.——
[1] Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.
[*Exit Council, with Richard and Buckingham.*
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

[1] *Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;*] In former copies: *Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.*
The scene is here in the Tower; and lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, *in the old quarto*, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"*some* see it done." Nor, *in that edition*, does *Lovel* appear in the next scene; but only *Catesby*, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary, that *Catesby* should be employed *to fetch* the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. TYRWHITT.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble [2],
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Catef. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
[3] Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

[2] *Three times to-day my* foot-cloth *horse did* stumble, &c.] So, in the *Legend of Lord Hastings*, by M. D.

My palfrey, in the plainest paved street,
Thrice bow'd his bones, thrice kneeled on the floor,
Thrice shunn'd (as Balaam's ass) the dreaded tower.

To *stumble* was anciently esteem'd a bad omen. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*. "And just at the threshold Master Bromley *stumbled*. Signs! signs!"

The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*. So, in Ben Jonson's play called *The Case is Altered:*

"I'll go on my *foot-cloth*, I'll turn gentleman."

Again, in *A fair Quarrel*, by Middleton, 1617:

"——— thou shalt have a physician,
"The best that gold can fetch upon his *foot-cloth*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1610:

"———nor shall I need to try
"Whether my well-greas'd tumbling *foot-cloth* nag
"Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catchpole."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Who builds*, &c.] So, Horace:
Nescius auræ *fallacis*. JOHNSON.

Lo:

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, in rusty armour marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor!

——*in rusty armour*, &c.] Thus Holinshed: " —himselfe with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constreined them." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian [5];
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.——Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

5 ——*the earth a christian*;] Here the quarto adds:
Look you, my lord mayor.
This hemistich I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse.
Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

Mayor.

Mayor. What! had he so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
Mayor. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewel.
[*Exit Mayor.*
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

Tell

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen [6],
Only for ſaying—he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which, by the ſign thereof, was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt;
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Even where his ranging eye [7], or ſavage heart,
Without controul, liſted to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that inſatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by juſt computation of the time,
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off;
Becauſe, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf: and ſo, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's caſtle;
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned biſhops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all ſpeed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou to friar Penker [8];—bid them both

6 ——*put to death a citizen,*] This perſon was *one Walker*, a ſubſtantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in *Cheapſide*. Gray.

7 ——*his* ranging *eye,*] Thus the modern editors. The folio reads—*raging*—the quartos—*luſtful.* Steevens.

8 This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Auguſtine* friars. See *Speed.* Steevens.

Meet

Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt Lovel, and Catesby.*
Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's [9].
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!——Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be [1] seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

[9] —*read o'er in Paul's.*] The substance of this speech is from Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 450. "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that he was beheaded, and it was so curiously indited, and so faire written in parchment, in so well a set hand, and therewith of itself so long a processe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could scant have sufficed unto the bare writing alone, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

Baynard's caſtle.

Enter Gloſter, and Buckingham, at ſeveral doors.

Glo. How now, how now? what ſay the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the baſtardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The inſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpoſe,
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled, in diſcourſe.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God ſave Richard, England's royal king!*
Glo. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But, like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence:
His anſwer was,—the people were not us'd
To be ſpoke to, but by the recorder.

Then

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and chearful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; [2] Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
[3] As I can say nay to thee for myself;
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
[*Exit Glofter.*

[2] —— intend *some fear;*] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient senses of to *intend* was certainly to *pretend*. So, in sc. v. of this act:

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

[3] *As I can say,* nay *to thee,*] I think it must be read:

—— *if you plead as well for them*
As I must say, nay *to* them *for myself.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (says Richard) *you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.* STEEVENS.

Buck.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit Gloſter.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be ſpoke withal.—

Enter Cateſby.

Now, Cateſby? what ſays your lord to my requeſt?
Cateſ. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To viſit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly ſuit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buck. Return, good Cateſby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep deſigns, ~~in matter~~ of great moment,
No leſs importing than our general good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his grace.
Cateſ. I'll ſignify ſo much unto him ſtraight. [*Exit.*
Buck. Ah, ha, ~~my lord, this prince is not~~ an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not ſleeping,[4] to engroſs his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful ſoul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himſelf the ſovereignty thereof;
But, ſure, I fear, we ſhall ne'er win him to it.
Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace ſhould ſay us nay!
Buck. I fear, he will: Here Cateſby comes again:—

[4] ——*to engroſs*——] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Cateſby.

Cateſby, what ſays your lord?
Cateſ. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my noble couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And ſo once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit Cateſby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloſter above, between two Biſhops [5]. *Cateſby returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a chriſtian prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity:
And, ſee, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-chriſtian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no ſuch apology;
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,

[5] —*two biſhops.*] It ſhould ſeem from a former paſſage that theſe two clergymen, here called biſhops, were Dr. *Shaw*, and *Friar Penker* already mentioned.
Go, Lovel, with all ſpeed to *Doctor Shaw*:
Go thou to *Friar Penker*; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's caſtle. STEEVENS.

Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
[6] And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

[6] *And almost* shoulder'd in *the swallowing gulf*
Of dark forgetfulness———]
What it is to be *shoulder'd in a gulph*, Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have known: for the rest let it pass without observation. He reads:

Almost shoulder'd into th' *swallowing gulph*.

I believe we should read:

And almost smoulder'd *in the swallowing gulph*,

That is, almost *smother'd*, covered and lost. JOHNSON.

I suppose the old reading to be the true one. So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, canto I:

"Stoutly t' affront and *shoulder* in debate." STEEVENS.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading.—Not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed *up to the shoulders*.
So, in *Othello*:

"*Steep* me in poverty *to the very lips*." MALONE.

Which

Which to recure [7], we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
For, not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,

[7] *Which to* recure,] To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(⁷ And much I need to help you, if need were)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars,—
Which, God defend, that I ſhould wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace;
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that Edward is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For firſt was he contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witneſs to his vow;
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To Bona, ſiſter to the king of France.
Theſe both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many ſons,
A beauty-waning and diſtreſſed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that, for reverence to ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bleſs us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble anceſtry

⁷ *And much I need to help you,*—] And I *want much* of the ability requiſite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

From

From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Catef. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse[9],
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Catef. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone, [*Exit Catesby.*
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

9 —*effeminate* remorse.] *i. e.* pity. So, in the *Miseries of enforced Marriage*, 1600:
"Be all his days, like winter, comfortless;
"Restless his nights, his wants *remorseless*."
i. e. *unpitied*. STEEVENS.

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy work again:—
Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends[1].

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Farewel, good cousin; farewel, gentle friends.*] To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action but the conclusion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one door; Anne Dutchess of Glofter, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.

Dutch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glofter [1]?
Now, for my life, fhe's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Queen. As much to you, good fifter! Whither away?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guefs,
Upon the like devotion as yourfelves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Queen. Kind fifter, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Mafter lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

[1] *Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,*
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glofter?] Here is a manifeft intimation, that the dutchefs of Glofter leads in fomebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guefs it muft be Clarence's young daughter. The old dutchefs of York calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. THEOBALD.

How doth the prince, and my young ſon of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The king hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who ſhall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.

Anne. Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their ſights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, [3] I may not leave it ſo;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit Brakenbury.*

Enter Stanley.

Stanl. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter,
[*To the Dutcheſs of Gloſter.*
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace aſunder!
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Deſpightful tidings! O unpleaſing news!

Dor. Be of good chear:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Queen. O Dorſet, ſpeak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-ſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

[3] —*I may not leave it ſo.*] That is, *I may not ſo reſign my office, which* you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

Go.

'Go, hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou encreaſe the number of the dead;
'And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curſe,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stanl. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.

Dutch. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!—
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murderous!

Stanl. Come, madam, come; I in all haſte was ſent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.—
'O, would to God, that the incluſive verge
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain[4]!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can ſay—God ſave the queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,

[4] *Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!*] She ſeems to allude to the ancient mode of puniſhing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this puniſhment is introduced:

" Fix on thy maſter's head my *burning crown*."

Again:

" And wear his crown made hot with flaming fire.
" Bring forth the *burning crown* there."

Again:

" ——— was adjudg'd
" To have his head *ſear'd* with a *burning crown*."

In ſome of the monkiſh accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to thoſe who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

Which

Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,
And that dead ſaint which then I weeping follow'd
O, when, I ſay, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wiſh,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd*,
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
And, when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be ſo mad)
More miſerable by the life of thee,
Than thou haſt made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Even in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's curſe:
Which ever ſince hath held mine eyes from reſt;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
[5] But with his timorous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To Dorſet.*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [*To Anne.*
Go thou to ſanctuary, and good thoughts poſſeſs thee! [*To the Queen.*
I to my grave, where peace and reſt lie with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen [6].

[5] *But with his timorous dreams*——] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently diſturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*of teen.*] *Teen* is ſorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"And yet to my *teen* be it ſpoken, &c."
Again, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:
"Flies have their ſpleen, each ſilly ant his *teen*."
STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
[7] Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewel [8]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Richard, as King, Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. [9] Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To

[7] *Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow*] To call the Tower *nurse* and *playfellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

[8] *So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewel.*] Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

[9] *Ah, Buckingham, now do I* play *the touch,*] The technical term is requisite here. The poet wrote:

———*now do I* 'ply *the touch,*

i.e. apply the *touchstone:* for that is meant by what he calls *touch.*

So,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live—true! noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

So, again, in *Timon of Athens*, speaking of gold, he says:
——O, *thou* touch *of hearts!*
i. e. thou trial, touchstone. WARBURTON.

To *play the touch* is *to represent the touchstone.* No emendation is necessary.

So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*
"With alabaster, *tuch*, and porphyry adorn'd."
Again, in the epistle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:
"Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy shape did prove."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii.
"Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king."
STEEVENS.

Cates.

Catesf. The king is angry; fee, he gnaws his lip[1].

K. Rich. I will converfe with iron-witted fools,
And unrefpective boys[2]; none are for me,
That look into me with confiderate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumfpect.—
Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'ft thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a[3] clofe exploit of death?

Page. I know a difcontented gentleman,
Whofe humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit boy.*
The deep-revolving witty[4] Buckingham
No more fhall be the neighbour to my counfels:
Hath he fo long held out with me untir'd,
And ftops he now for breath?—well, be it fo.——

[1] ——*fee, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient hiftorians obferve, that this was an accuftomed action of Richard, whether he was penfive or angry. STEEVENS.

[2] *And* unrefpective *boys;*——] *Unrefpective* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconfiderate.
So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:
"When diffolute impiety poffefs'd
"The *unrefpective* minds of prince and people."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*clofe exploit*——] is fecret act. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*witty*] in this place fignifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to fignify *a man of fancy*, but was ufed for *wifdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:
"Although unwife to live, had *wit* to die."
Again:
"And at her feet do *witty* ferpents move."
One of Ben Jonfon's *Mafques*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stanl. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorſet, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Cateſby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous ſick;
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Enquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'ſt!—I ſay again, give out,
That Anne my queen is ſick, and like to die:
About it; for it ſtands me much upon,
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.—
[*Exit Cateſby.*
I muſt be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, [5] that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name—Tyrrel [6]?

Tyr.

[5] ——*But I am in*
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.] The ſame reflections occur in *Macbeth*:
" ——*I am in blood*
" *Step'd in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,*
" *Returning were as tedious,* &c.
Again:
" *Things bad begun make ſtrong themſelves by ill.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*] It ſeems, that a late editor (who boaſts much of his fidelity in " marking the places of action, both general and particular, and ſupplying ſcenical directions") throughout this ſcene, has left king Richard *on his throne*; whereas he might have learnt

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

learnt from the following passage in sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, on *an elevation of much less dignity*. "The best part (says sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and incorrupt magistrate sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with *Teril* to have his nephews privily murdred; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for such a counsel." See likewise *Holinshed*, vol. ii. p. 735. STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's ſon:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to Richmond, you ſhall anſwer it.

Buck. What ſays your highneſs to my juſt requeſt?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the ſixth
Did propheſy, that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeviſh boy.
[7] A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time.
Have told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When laſt I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtſy ſhew'd me the caſtle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I ſtarted;
Becauſe a bard of Ireland told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it ſtrike.

Buck. Why let it ſtrike?

[7] *A king! perhaps*——] From hence to the words, *Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever ſince the firſt editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

The alluſions to the plays of *Henry* VI. are no weak proofs of the authenticity of theſe diſputed pieces. JOHNSON.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. [8] Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

Exit.

[8] *Because, that, like a Jack,* &c.] This passage, though I do not believe it corrupted, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Because that, like a Jack, &c.] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house.* See Cowley's *Discourse on the Goverment of Oliver Cromwell.* Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:—"their tongues are, like a *Jack o' the clock*, still in labour."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Is this your *Jack o' the clock*-house?
"Will you *strike*, sir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Deckar, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer."

Perhaps these figures were called *Jacks*, because the engines of that name which turn the spit were anciently ornamented with such a puppet. In the *Gentleman Usher*, a comedy by Chapman, 1606, they are alluding to a roasting *Jack*, and a man says:

"—as in that quaint engine you have seen
"*A little man in shreds* stand at the winder,
"And seem to put all things in act about him,
"Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,
"Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does."

In *Lantern and Candle-light*, or the *Bellman's Second Night-walk*, &c. by Deckar, is a passage "of a new and cunning drawing of money from gentlemen," which may tend to a somewhat different explanation. "There is another fraternitie of wandring pilgrims, who merrily call themselves *Jackes of the Clock-house.* The *jacke of a clock-house* goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but *strike*: so does this noise (for they walke up and down like fidlers) travaile with motions, and whatever their motions get them, is called *striking*." STEEVENS.

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,*—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind:*
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget

Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tyr. I did my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, ſoon at after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel, 'till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The ſon of Clarence have I pen'd up cloſe;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The ſons of Edward ſleep in Abraham's boſom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

Cateſ. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welſhmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his raſh-levied ſtrength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that [9] fearful commenting
Is

[9] ——*fearful commenting*
Is leaden ſervitor——]

 Timo-

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow [1],
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the wainng of mine enemies.
A [2] dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes
here?

Enter the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*begins to mellow*, &c.] The same thought occurs in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:
" ——now is his fate grown mellow,
" Instant to fall into the rotten jaws
" Of chap-fall'n death." STEEVENS.

[2] —*dire induction*——] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time. JOHNSON.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; [3] say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son?

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

[3] ———*say, that* right *for* right] It's plain Shakespeare wrote:

———wrong *for* wrong

but the players thought a little rhime was better than all reason. WARBURTON.

It is so unlikely that words so plain and so proper, as *wrong for wrong* would have been either ignorantly or officiously changed, that I believe *right for right* is the true though not the best reading. This is one of these conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice.* So, in this play:

———*That forehead*
Where should be branded, if that right were right.— JOHNSON.

Give mine the benefit of [4] signiory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
[*Sitting down with them.*
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, 'till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou had'st a Richard, 'till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls [5],
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her [6] pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch.

4 ——*signiory*;] for *seniority*. JOHNSON.
So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 149:
"—the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *seignior*, the son of Alured, &c." STEEVENS.

5 *That reigns* &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

6 *And makes her pue-fellow*—] *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.
Pue-fellow is a word yet in use. Sir J. HAWKINS.
In find the word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607:
"He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least."

Again,

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
[7] Young York he is but boot, becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that ſtabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
[8] The adulterate Haſtings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reſerv'd their factor, to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Enſues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray,
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!

Queen. O, thou didſt propheſy, the time would come,

Again, in a comedy, by Decker, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it:*

"Loſe not a minute, *pue-fellow*, &c."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

"Come, *pue-fellow*."

Again, in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1606:

"—being both my ſcholars, and your honeſt *pue-fellows*."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Young York he is but boot*——] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchaſe. JOHNSON.

[8] *The* adulterate *Haſtings*,—] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote:

The adulterer *Haſtings*,—— WARBURTON.

Adulterate is right. We ſay *metals* are *adulterate*; and *adulterate* ſometimes means the ſame as *adulterer*. In either ſenſe, on this occaſion, the epithet will ſuit. Haſtings was *adulterate*, as Margaret had try'd his friendſhip and found it faithleſs; he was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her huſband. So, the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of the King, ſays:

"—that inceſtuous, that *adulterate* beaſt." STEEVENS.

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
[9] The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag [1],
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

[9] *The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant,*] Without doubt Shakespeare wrote:

——*direful* page. WARBURTON.

Surely there is no need of change. *Pageants* are dumb shews, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a garish flag,*
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;]
Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS.

For

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about [2],
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Margaret.*

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. [3] Windy attorneys to their client woes,
[4] Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

Poor

[2] ——wheel'd *about*,] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd* about. STEEVENS.

[3] *Windy attorneys to their client woes*,] In former editions this line was read thus:

Windy attorneys to your client's woes.

The emendation is sir Thomas Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

[4] *Airy succeeders of* intestine *joys*,] I cannot understand this reading. I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597:

Airy succeeders of intestate *joys*:

i. e.

Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, and his train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

i. e. words, tun'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend.
THEOBALD.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have [5] a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
[6] That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphry Houre [7], that call'd your grace

To

[5] ——*a* touch *of your* condition,] A *spice* or *particle* of your temper or *disposition*. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th *Iliad:*

"——his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*
"Of anger, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *That ever* grac'd *me*——] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*Humphry Houre*,—] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify

To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,

ſonify and chriſten that *hour* of the day which ſummon'd his mother to breakfaſt.

So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1592:

"Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old miſtreſs, *Houre* is at hand."

The common cant phraſe of *dining with duke Humphrey*, I have never yet heard ſatisfactorily explained. It appears, however, from a ſatirical pamphlet called the *Guls Horn-booke*, 1609, written by T. Deckar, that in the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the ailes was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk*; in which thoſe who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. Deckar concludes his fourth chapter thus: "By this, I imagine you have walked your bellyful, and thereupon being weary, or (which is rather, I beleeve) being moſt gentleman-like, hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the *duke*, ſo (becauſe he followes the faſhion of great men in *keeping no houſe*, and that therefore you muſt go *ſeeke your dinner*) ſuffer me to take you by the hand and leade you into an ordinary." The title of this chapter is, "How a gallant ſhould behave himſelfe in *Powles Walkes*."

Hall, in the 7th *Satire*, B. III. ſeems to confirm this interpretation:

"'Tis Ruffio: Trow'ſt thou where he din'd to-day?
"In ſooth I ſaw him ſit with *duke Humfray*:
"Manie good welcoms, and much gratis cheere,
"Keepes he for everie ſtragling cavaliere;
"An open houſe haunted with greate reſort,
"*Long ſervice* mixt with *muſicall diſport*, &c."

Hall's *Satires*, Edit. 1602, p. 60.

See likewiſe *Foure Letters* and certain *Sonnets*, by Gabriel Harvey, 1592:

"——to ſeeke his dinner in Poules with *duke Humphrey*: to licke diſhes, to be a beggar."

Again, in the *Return of the Knight of the Poſt*, &c. by Naſh, 1606: "—in the end comming into Poules, to behold the old *duke and his gueſts*, &c."

Again, in *A wonderful, ſtrange, and miraculous Prognoſtication, for this Year*, &c. 1591, by Naſh: "——ſundry fellowes in their ſilkes ſhall be appointed to keepe *duke Humfrye* company in Poules, becauſe they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

If it be objected that *duke Humphrey* was buried at St. Albans, let it likewiſe be remember'd that cenotaphs were not uncommon.

STEEVENS.

Let

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me ſpeak.

K. Rich. You ſpeak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of Edward's children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
[8] Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me; I ſay amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. [9] Stay, madam, I muſt ſpeak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more ſons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O, let her live,

[8] *Shame ſerves thy life,*——] To *ſerve* is to *accompany*, ſervants being near the perſons of their maſters. JOHNSON.

[9] *Stay, madam,*———] On this dialogue 'tis not neceſſary to beſtow much criticiſm: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON.

And

And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty;
Slander myſelf, as falſe to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood [1].

Queen. To ſave her life, I'll ſay—ſhe is not ſo.

K. Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite [2].

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny.

Queen. True, when avoided grace makes deſtiny:
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſs'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins.

Queen. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart [3],
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

[1] ——*ſhe is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—ſhe is *a royal princeſs*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Lo, at their births*—] Perhaps we ſhould read—*No*, at their births— TYRWHITT.

[3] *Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,*] This conceit ſeems to have been a great favourite of Shakeſpeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry* IV. 2d Part:
" *Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,*
" *Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,*
" *To ſtab*, &c."
Again, in the *Merchant of Venice:*
" *Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*
" *Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen*———" STEEVENS.

But

But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in ſuch a deſperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to-pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
That ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
[4] The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
[5] Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my ſoul, I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

[4] *The high imperial* type—] *Type* is exhibition, ſhew, diſplay. JOHNSON.

[5] *Canſt thou* demiſe—] The ſenſe of the word *demiſe* is evident, but I do not remember it any where ſo uſed: perhaps it ſhould be *deviſe*, which the lawyers uſe for to transfer, or make over. JOHNSON.

The common meaning of the verb to *demiſe* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another. STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else should be?

Queen. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—[6] as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,

[6] ——*as sometime Margaret*] Here is another reference to the plays of *Henry* VI. JOHNSON.

And

And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Queen. Nay, then indeed, ſhe cannot chuſe but hate thee [7],
Having bought love with ſuch a [8] bloody ſpoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one ſtep below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you [9] bid like ſorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.
The loſs, you have, is but—a ſon being king,
And, by that loſs, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet your ſon, that, with a fearful ſoul,
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,
This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,

[7] *Nay then, indeed, ſhe cannot chuſe but* hate *thee,*] The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read:
——— *but* love *thee,*
ironically. TYRWHITT.

[8] ——*bloody ſpoil.*] *Spoil* is waſte, havock. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*bid like ſorrow.*] *Bid* is in the paſt tenſe from *bide* JOHNSON.

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
[1] Advantaging their loan, with interest [1]
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

[1] *Advantaging their* love *with int'rest*,
Oftentimes *double gain of happiness*.]
My easy emendation will convince every reader *love* and *lone* are made out of one another only by a letter turned upside down. *Oftentimes* is a stupid concretion of three words. My emendation gives this apt and easy sense. *The tears that you have* lent *to your afflictions, shall be turn'd into gems; and requite you by way of* interest, *with happiness* twenty times *as great as your sorrows have been.* THEOBALD.

Theobald found this concretion, as he calls it, rather loosely formed in the folio, where it stands thus,—*Of ten-times.* STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
Queen. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids [2].
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last [3]?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Queen. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Queen. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low [4].
Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Two deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

[2] —*which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus xviii. 14. GRAY.

[3] *But how long shall that title, ever, last?*] Young has borrow'd his thought in his *Universal Passion:*

"*But say*—*my mistress and my friend,*
"*Which day next week the eternity shall end?*" STEEVENS.

[4] —*am her subject* low.] Thus the folio. The quartos read: ——*her subject* love. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt [5].

Qu. n. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, 'till heart-ſtrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—

Queen. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.

K. Rich. I ſwear.

Queen. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The george, profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour;
The garter, blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory:
If ſomething thou wouldſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Queen. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myſelf,—

Queen. Thyſelf is ſelf-miſ-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—

Queen. Heaven's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou didſt fear to break an oath with heaven [6],
The unity, the king my huſband made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother ſlain.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath by him [7],
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,

[5] *Harp not* &c.] In the regulation of theſe ſhort ſpeeches I have followed the firſt and ſecond quartos. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *with* heaven.] The quarto reads—*by him.* The folio —with *him.* STEEVENS.

[7] ———— *by* him,] Thus all the old copies. The modern ones read:

———— *with* heaven.

I have reſtored the old reading, becauſe *him* (the oblique caſe of *he*) was anciently uſed for *it*, in a *neutral ſenſe.* STEEVENS.

Which

[8] Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What can'ſt thou ſwear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt;
For I myſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-paſt.

K. Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy reſt!
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to myſelf, and thee,
Herſelf, the land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times,

[8] *Which now two tender*, &c.] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read;
Which now too tender, &c. STEEVENS.

And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children,

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery [9], they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewel. [*Kissing her. Exit Queen.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter Ratcliff, and Catesby.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. [1] Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk;—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Catesf. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

[9] —*in that nest of spicery,*] Alluding to the phœnix. STEEVENS.

[1] *Some light-foot friend post to the duke*—] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

Catesf.

Catef. I will, my lord, with all convenient hafte.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Poft to Salifbury;
When thou com'ft thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To Catefby.*
Why ftay'ft thou here, and go'ft not to the duke?

Catef. Firft, mighty liege, tell me your highnefs' pleafure,
What from your grace I fhall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catefby;—Bid him levy ftraight
The greateft ftrength and power he can make,
And meet me fuddenly at Salifbury.

Catef. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleafe you, fhall I do at Salifbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldft thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highnefs told me, I fhould poft before.

Enter Lord Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stanl. None good, my liege, to pleafe you with the hearing;
Nor none fo bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'ft thou run fo many miles about,
When thou may'ft tell thy tale the neareft way?
Once more, what news?

Stanl. Richmond is on the feas.

K. Rich. There let him fink, and be the feas on him!
White-liver'd runagate [2], what doth he there?

[2] ——white-liver'd *runagate*,] This epithet, defcriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakefpeare. Stephen Goffon in his *School of Abufe*, 1579, fpeaking of the Helots, fays:
"Leave thofe precepts to the *white-livered* Hylotes."
STEEVENS.

Stanl. I know not, mighty ſovereign, but by gueſs.
K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs?
Stanl. Stirr'd up by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the ſeas?
Stanl. Unleſs for that, my liege, I cannot gueſs.
K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welſhman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stanl. No, mighty liege; therefore miſtruſt me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ſhips?
Stanl. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?
Stanl. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaſeth your majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majeſty ſhall pleaſe.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldſt be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not truſt you, ſir.
Stanl. Moſt mighty ſovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be falſe.
K. Rich. Well go, muſter thy men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your

Your ſon, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stanl. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit Stanley.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſovereign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour [3] more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death? [*He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

3 *Meſ.* The news I have to tell your majeſty,
Is,—that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh, I cry you mercy:
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Meſ.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

[3] —*more competitors*] That is, more opponents. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Catesb. My liege, the duke of Buckingdam is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Lord Stanley's house.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stanl. [4] Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That

[4] *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:*—] The person, who is called sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the Dra-

That, in the ſtye of this moſt bloody boar,
My ſon George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that witholds my preſent aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-weſt, in Wales.

Stanl. What men of name reſort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned ſoldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and ſir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their courſe,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stanl. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.
Theſe letters will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Dramatis Perſonæ of all the impreſſions, I find by the chronicles to have been Chriſtopher Urſwick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the counteſs of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This prieſt, the hiſtory tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unſuſpected, on meſſages betwixt the counteſs of Richmond, and her huſband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilſt he was preparing to make his deſcent on England. THEOBALD.

Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that *Sir* was anciently a title aſſumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie diſputes; and ſays, it was a title ſold by the pope's legates, &c. that his holineſs might be on the ſame footing with the king. STEEVENS.

In the *Scornfull Lady* of Fletcher, Welford ſays to Sir Roger, the curate, "I acknowledge you to be your *art's maſter*."—"I am but a *bachelor of art*, ſir," replies Sir Roger. Mr. Guthrie would have done well to have informed us, how Sir Roger could poſſibly have *bought* his *title* of the pope's nuncio; when, as Abigail tells us, he had only "twenty nobles *de claro*, beſides his pigges *in poſſe*." FARMER.

Perhaps, after all, this title was originally derived from *ſire*, father. Chaucer, and all our ancient poets, beſtow it on the clergy. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury.

Enter the Sheriff, with Buckingham, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him[5]?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,

[5] *Will not king Richard let me speak with him?*] The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the king, is explained in *K. Henry* VIII. act I:

——I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him. STEEVENS.

Is

[6] Is the determin'd refpite of my wrongs.
That high All-feer whom I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earneft what I begg'd in jeft.
Thus doth he force the fwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their mafters' bofoms:
Thus Margaret's curfe falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth fhe, *fhall fplit thy heart with forrow,*
Remember Margaret was a prophetefs.—
Come, firs, convey me to the block of fhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and [7] blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt Buckingham, &c.*

SCENE II.

Tamworth, on the borders of Leicefterfhire. A camp.

Enter Henry Earl of Richmond, Earl of Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my moft loving friends,

[6] *Is the determin'd* refpite *of my wrongs.*] This is nonfenfe, we fhould read:

——refpect *of my wrongs,*

i. e. requital. WARBURTON.

Hanmer had rightly explained it, the time to which the punifhment of his wrongs was *refpited.*

Wrongs in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*blame the due of blame.*] This fcene fhould, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, fo the fourth act will have a more full and ftriking conclufion, and the fifth act will comprife the bufinefs of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancafter. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards diftributed by chance, or what feems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the firft editors. JOHNSON.

Bruis'd

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your [8] embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, chearly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:

[8] *——embowell'd bosoms,——*] Exenterated; ripped up: alluding, perhaps, to the Promethean vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the English courts against traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, *drawn*, that is, *embowelled*, and quartered. JOHNSON.

Drawn, in the sentence pronounced upon traitors only, signifies to be *drawn by the heels or on a hurdle* from the prison to the place of execution. So, Dr. Johnson has properly expounded it in *Measure for Measure*, act II. So, Holinshed in the year 1569, and Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1614, p. p. 162, 171, 418, 763, 766. Sometimes our historians use a colloquial inaccuracy of expression in writing, hanged, *drawn*, and quarter'd; but they often express it—*drawn*, hanged, and quartered; and sometimes they add—bowelled, or his bowels taken out, which would be tautology, if the same thing was implied in the word *drawn*. TOLLET.

True

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of [9] sound direction:—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *sound direction:*—] True judgment; tried military skill. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter on the other ſide of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorſet, &c.

Richm. The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard.—
[1] Give me ſome ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, ſir William Brandon,—
And you, ſir Walter Herbert, ſtay with me:—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the morning
Deſire the earl to ſee me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet Blunt, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

[1] *Give me ſome ink and paper*—] I have placed theſe lines here as they ſtand in the firſt editions: the reſt place them three ſpeeches before, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard*; interrupting what there follows; *The earl of Pembroke*, &c. I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and conſidering what he has to do that night.
POPE.

I have followed the folio, which, of this play, is by far the moſt correct copy. I do not find myſelf much influenced by Mr. Pope's remark. STEEVENS.

And

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Catef. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catef. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—[a] Give me a watch:—

[*To Catesby.*

Saddle

[a] ——*Give me a* watch:—] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a centinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow [3].—
[4] Look that my staves be found, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel. JOHNSON.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"——slept always with a *watching* candle."

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"Beauty was turn'd into a *watching-candle* that went out stinking."

Again: in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Sit now immur'd within their private cells,
"And drink a long lank *watching* candle's smoke."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

"Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

[3] *Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 754:

"——he was mounted on a great *white courser*, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Look, that my* staves *be found,*—] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. *Hall* informs us, that at the justs in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of king Henry VIII. with the king of France, that a "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in sight x speres, that is to wyt, iii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under every thigh ii speres upwarde, and under his left arme was one spere backward, and the 10th in his hand, &c." STEEVENS.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time[5], from troop to troop,

[5] *Much about* cock-shut *time,*——] Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yesternight,
"Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."

Again, in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652:

"Come away then: a fine *cockshut* evening."

Again:

"In the twilight, *cockshut* light."

Arden of Feversham, 1592.

In the *Treatyse of Fysshynge with the Angle*, by dame Julyana Bernes, 1496, among the directions to make a fishing rod is the following: "Take thenne and frette him faste with a *cockeshote corde*, &c." but I cannot interpret the word. STEEVENS.

Cockshut time,] i.e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonson*, Vol. V. p. 204. "*Cockshut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cockshut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionarium Rusticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. It is the custom of the woodcock to lie close all day, and towards evening he takes wing, which act of flight might anciently be termed his *shoot* or *shot*. So, the ballast of a ship is said to *shoot*, when it runs from one side to the other. This etymology gives us, perhaps, the original signification of the word, without any recourse for it to the name of a net, which might receive its denomination from the time of the day, or from the occasion on which it was used; for I believe there was a net which was called a *cock-shot*. Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 110, calls a stone which naturally has a hole in it, "an apt *cocke-shot* for the devil to run through;" which, I apprehend, alludes to the resemblance of the hole in the stone to the meshes of a net. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's opinion may be supported by the following passage in a little metrical performance, called, *No Whippinge nor Trippinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge*, 1601:

"A silly honest creature may do well
"To watch a *cocke shoote*, or a limed bush." STEEVENS.

Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.

K. Rich. I am ſatisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit [6],
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, ſet it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me, I ſay.
[*Exit Ratcliff.*

Richmond's tent opens, and diſcovers him, and his officers, &c.

Enter Stanley.

Stanl. Fortune and victory ſit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stanl. I, [7] by attorney, bleſs thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war [8].
[9] I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,

[6] *I have not that alacrity of ſpirit*, &c.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 775: "—not uſing the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accuſtomed to doo before he came toward the battell." STEEVENS.

[7] —*by attorney*—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

[8] —*mortal* ſtaring *war.*] Thus the old copies. I ſuppoſe, by *ſtaring war* is meant—*war that looks big.* STEEVENS.

[9] *I, as I may,*——
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,]
I will take the beſt opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. JOHNSON.

And

And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy tender brother George
Be executed in his father's ſight.
Farewell: [1] The leiſure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell upon;
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and ſpeed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me down to-morrow [2],
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen
[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*

O Thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!

[1] ——— *The leiſure, and the fearful time*
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,]
We have ſtill a phraſe equivalent to this, however harſh it may ſeem, *I would do this, if* leiſure *would permit*, where *leiſure*, as in this paſſage, ſtands for *want of* leiſure. So, again;
———*More than I have ſaid*
The leiſure *and enforcement of the time*
Forbids to dwell upon.——— JOHNSON.

[2] ——peize *me down to-morrow,*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions read—*poize*. To *peize*, i. e. to *weigh down*, from *peſer*, French.

I meet with the word in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the third*, 1596:
"And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead."
Again, in *All for Money*, 1574:
"Then if you counter*peaze* me learning with money."
STEEVENS.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost [3] *of Prince Edward, son to Henry the sixth.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To K. Rich.*
Think, how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be chearful, Richmond; for the wronged souls [*To Richm.*
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

[3] *Enter the Ghost*, &c.] This circumstance is likewise found in the old book first called the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which was afterwards published under the title of the *Falles of unfortunate Princes.*

"*As in my tent on slumbring bed I lie,*
"*Horrid aspects appear'd unto mine eye:*
"*I thought that all those murder'd ghosts, whom I*
"*By death had sent to their untimely grave,*
"*With baleful noise about my tent did crye,*
"*And of the heavens, with sad complaint, did crave*
"*That they on guilty wretch might vengeance have.*"

His terror on waking is likewise very forcibly described. Again, Drayton in the 22d Song of his *Polyolbion*:

"Where to the guilty king, the black forerunning night,
"Appear the dreadful ghosts of *Henry* and his *son*,
"Of his own brother *George*, and his *two nephews*, done
"Most cruelly to death; and of his *wife*, and *friend*
"Lord *Hastings*, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
"Him piece-meal; at which oft he roareth in his sleep."

It is not unpleasant to trace the progress of a poetical idea. Some of our oldest historians had informed us that king Richard was much disturb'd in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend, who follows next in succession, proceeds to tell us the quality of these ominous visions. A poet who takes up the story, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of those who are supposed to have appeared in them; and last of all comes the dramatic writer, who brings the phantoms, speaking in their particular characters, on the stage. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [*To K. Rich.*
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Henry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*To Richm.*
Harry, [a] that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To K. Rich.*
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsom wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*To Richm.*
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [*To K. Rich.*
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! [*To K. Rich.*
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— [*To K. Rich.*

[a] *Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,*] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the sixth.* JOHNSON.

All.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day! [*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*To K. Rich.*
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
[5] Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, [*To K. Rich.*
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy; [*To Richm.*
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, [*To K. Rich.*

[5] *Let us be* laid *within thy bosom, Richard,*] This is a poor feeble reading. I have restored from the elder quarto, published in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen:

Let us be lead *within thy bosom, Richard.*

This corresponds with what is said in the line immediately following:

And weigh *thee* down *to ruin, shame, and death!*

THEOBALD.

That

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[To Richm.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
[To K. Rich.
The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
[6] I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[To Richm.
But

[6] *I dy'd for* hope,—] i.e. I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid*; which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.* WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

I died forsook,———

and supports his conjecture thus.

This, as appears from history, was the case of the duke of Buckingham: that being stopp'd with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain, he was deserted by his soldiers, who, being in great distress, half famish'd for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled.

Hanmer's emendation is very plausible; but may not the meaning of the expression be, *I died for only having* hoped *to give you that assistance*, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality?

It may, however, be observed, that *fore*, or *for*, when joined to a verb, had anciently a negative signification. So, in *Macbeth*:

"———He shall live a man *for*bid."

As to *bid* was to pray, so to *for*bid had the meaning directly opposite, *i.e.* to *curse*. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, to *fore*speak is to

speak

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. [7] Give me another horse,——bind up my wounds,——
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
[8] O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue[9].—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold

speak against. In *Hamlet*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to *fordo* is the very reverse of *to do*. *Holpen* or *holp* is the old participle passive of *help*, and is used in *Macbeth*:

"His great love, sharp as his spur, hath *holp* him
"To his home before us."

Instead of *for hope*, we may therefore read, *forholpe*, which would mean *unaided*, *abandon'd*, *deserted*, *unhelp'd*, which was the real misfortune of the duke of Buckingham. The word *holp* has occurred likewise in this play:

"Let him thank me that *holp* to send him thither."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Have *holp* to make this rescue." STEEVENS.

[7] *Give me another horse,*——] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

[8] *O coward* conscience.—] This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his *conscience*, and banished it from all his *waking* thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams. With greater elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward conscience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this tragedy, make Richard say, instead of *O coward conscience*, *O tyrant conscience!* whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For Richard had entirely got the better of his *conscience*; which could, on no account, therefore, be said to play the tyrant with him. WARBURTON.

[9] *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was some *spirit* in it because it burnt so *blue*; for my

Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What do I fear? myſelf? there's none elſe by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myſelf? Great reaſon: Why?
Leſt I revenge. What? Myſelf on myſelf?
I love myſelf [1]. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain: Yet I lye, I am not.
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſtern murder, in the dir'ſt degree;
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I ſhall deſpair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.
[2] Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

my mother would often tell me when the *candle burnt blue*, there was ſome ill *ſpirit* in the houſe." It was anciently ſuppoſed that fire was a preſervative againſt evil ſpirits; "becauſe," (ſays Naſh, in *Pierce Penniléſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595) "when any ſpirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguiſhed." The *takers* are the ſpirits who blaſt or *take*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"———ſtrike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" STEEVENS.

[1] *I love myſelf.*] The old copies read—*Alack*, I love, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Methought, the ſouls* &c.] Theſe lines ſtand with ſo little propriety at the end of this ſpeech, that I cannot but ſuſpect them to be miſplaced. Where then ſhall they be inſerted? Perhaps after theſe words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,——

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I: The early village cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkeſt thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

K. Rich. By the apoſtle Paul, ſhadows to-night
Have ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of Richard,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard, and Ratcliff.*

Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford, and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my lord?

Richm. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſy head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Richm.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means [3] to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious [4] by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

[3] *One that* made means——] To *make means* was, in Shakespeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified —*to come at any thing by indirect practices.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*by the foil*
Of England's chair,——]
It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. So, in a Song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"False stones by *foiles* have many one abus'd."
STEEVENS.

Your

Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords:
For me, [5] the ranſom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
[6] God, and ſaint George! Richmond, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter

[5] ——*the ranſom of my bold attempt*] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my raſhneſs ſhall be my dead corpſe. JOHNSON.

[6] *God, and ſaint George!*—] *Saint George* was the common cry of the Engliſh ſoldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the uſe of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"*Item*, that all ſouldiers entring into battaile, aſſault, ſkirmiſh, or other faction of armes, ſhall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, ſaint George*, whereby the ſouldiour is much comforted, and the enemy diſmaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has ſo often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *ſiniſter zeale*, ſhall *maliciouſly* omit ſo fortunate a name, ſhall be *ſeverely puniſhed* for his obſtinate *erroneous* heart, and perverſe mind."

Hence too the humour of the following lines in Marſton's nervous but neglected ſatires, entitled the *Scourge of Villainie*, printed in 1599. III. Lib. Sat. viii:

"A pox upon't that *Bacchis'* name ſhould be
"The watch-word given to the ſoldierie.
"Goe troupe to field, mount thy obſcured fame,
"Cry out *Saint George*, invoke thy miſtreſſe' name;
"Thy *Miſtreſs* and *Saint George*, &c."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion *Ralph* is going to attack the *Barber*, or the huge giant *Barbaroſo*, the burleſque is heightened, when, with much ſolemnity, and as if a real heroic encounter had been going forward, he cries out, "*Saint George!* ſet on before, march ſquire and page." Act III. ſc. vol. vi. p. 405. And afterwards, when the engagement

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, &c.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.
Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—
[*Clock strikes.*
Who saw the sun to day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day it will be to somebody.——
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

gagement begins, *Ralph* says, "*St. George* for me:" and *Barbaroso*, "*Garagantua* for me." WARTON.

My

My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length,
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot;
Our archers ſhall be placed in the midſt:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe.
[7] This, and ſaint George to boot!—What think'ſt
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike ſovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a ſcrowl.*

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold, [Reads.
For Dickon thy maſter [8] *is bought and ſold.*
A thing deviſed by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our ſouls [9];
For conſcience is but a word that cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe;
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

[7] *This, and St. George to boot!*———] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promiſes ſucceſs; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron ſaint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above.* HAWKINS.

[8] Dickon *thy maſter*] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard.* In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Bedlam. In the words—*bought and ſold*, I believe, there is ſomewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be ſo *bought and ſold.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Let not our babbling dreams*, &c.] I ſuſpect theſe ſix lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakeſpeare was really guilty of them in his firſt draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he ſubſtituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

What

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
[1] A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
[2] They would distrain the one, distain the other.
[3] And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long

[1] *A sort of vagabonds,*———] A *sort*, that is, a *company*, a *collection*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Mirror for Magistrates:*

"And, for his company, a *sort* there be
"Of rascal French and British runawaies, &c."

Again, in *Preston's Cambyses:*

"There is a *sorte* for feare the king doo praise."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. iv:

"But like a *sort* of sheep dispersed farre." STEEVENS.

[2] *They would* restrain *the one*, distain *the other.*] *The one* means the lands; *the other*, their wives. It is plain then we should read:

They would distrain.———

i. e. seize upon. WARBURTON.

[3] *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,*
Long kept in Britaine at our *mother's cost?*]
This is spoken by Richard, of Henry earl of Richmond: but they were far from having any *common* mother, but England: and the earl of Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greatest part of his residence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a captive; and subsisted by supplies conveyed from the countess of Richmond, his mother. It seems probable, therefore, that we must read:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother's* cost. THEOBALD.

Our *mother's cost?*] Mr. Theobald perceives to be wrong: he reads therefore, and all the editors after him:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother's cost.*

But give me leave to transcribe a few more lines from Holinshed, and you will find at once, that Shakespeare had been there before me.

"Ye see further, how a companie of traitors, theeves, outlaws and runnagates be aiders and partakers of his feat and enterprise. And to begin with the erle of Richmond captaine of this rebel-

Long kept in Brittaine at our brother's coſt?
A milk-ſop[4], one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold as over ſhoes in ſnow?
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again;
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard Brittains; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
[5] Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!—

rebellion, he is a Welch milkſop—brought up by *my moother's* meanes and mine, like a captive in a cloſe cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." p. 759.

Holinſhed copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548. fol. 54. but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* inſtead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakeſpeare. FARMER.

[4] *A milkſop, &c.*] So, in the *Mirror of Magiſtrates* already quoted:

"Firſt with our foe-mens captaine to begin,
"A weake Welch *milkſop*, one that I do know
"Was ne'er before, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!*] That is, *fright the ſkies with the ſhivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

"Now by the marble face of the *welkin*."

The ſame idea is more tamely expreſſed in W. Smith's *Palſgrave*, 1613:

"Spears flew in ſplinters half the way to heaven."
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards [6], set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue! rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger [7];
His

[6] *Advance our standards*, &c.] So again, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.
"Advance then captaines, forward to the fight,
"Draw forth your swords, each man addresse his sheeld;
"Hence faint conceites, die thoughts of coward flight,
"To heaven your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:
"Behold our foes do brave us in the field.
"Upon them, friends; the cause is yours and mine;
"Saint George and conquest on our helmes doth shine."
STEEVENS.

[7] *Daring* an *opposite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:
Daring and *opposite to every danger*. TYRWHITT.
Perhaps the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyssey* may countenance the old reading:
"——— a most dreadful fight
"*Daring against him.*" STEEVENS.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse[8]!

Catesf. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him[9]:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse[1]!

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums.

The old reading is probably right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakespeare and the contemporary writers, for *an adversary*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "——your *opposite* hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal." Again: "——and his *opposite* the youth, bears in his visage no presage of cruelty." So, in *The Fawn*, by Marston, 1605: "A most protested *opposite* to the match." Again, in *Blurt, Mr. Constable*, by Middleton, 1602: "To strengthen us against all *opposites*." The sense then should seem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat.* MALONE.

[8] In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1598, the Moor calls out in the same manner:

"A horse, a horse, villain a horse!
"That I may take the river strait, and fly!
"——Here is a horse, my lord,
"As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus.

This passage in Shakespeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"——a horse, a horse!
"Ten kingdoms for a horse to enter Troy!" STEEVENS.

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:

"A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!" MALONE.

[9] *Five have I slain to day instead of him:—*] Shakespeare had employ'd this incident with historical propriety in the first Part of *K. Henry* IV. STEEVENS.

[1] *A horse! a horse!* &c.—] Some inquiry hath been made for the first performers of the capital characters of Shakespeare.

We

Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is slain.

Retreat, and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stanl. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, [2] and make use of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stanl. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a passage in the poems of bishop Corbet; who introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle:
" But when he would have said king Richard died,
" And call'd *a horse, a horse*, he Burbage cried."
FARMER.

[2] ——— *and make* use *of it.*] Some old books read:
——— *make* much *of it:*
and therefore Mr. Theobald reads so too: but very foolishly. Without doubt Shakespeare himself thus corrected it to
——— *make* use *of it.*
Which signifies, don't abuse it like the tyrant you have destroyed: whereas the other reading:
——— *make* much *of it,*
signifies *be fond of it*; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion of the play. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's reading may receive support from a passage in *K. Henry* VIII. where Wolsey is giving advice to Cromwell:
" Neglect him not; *make use* now, and provide
" For thine own future safety." STEEVENS.

Stanl. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament [3],
We will unite the white roſe and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and ſays not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſon, compell'd, been butcher to the ſire;
[4] All this divided York and Lancaſter,
Divided, in their dire diviſion.—
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-ſac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,

[3] ——— *as we have ta'en the ſacrament:*] So, in Holinſhed, p. 745: "The earle himſelfe firſt tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promiſing that incontinent after he ſhuld be poſſeſſed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth daughter to king Edward the fourth." STEEVENS.

[4] *All* this *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided, in their dire diviſion.—]
I think the paſſage will be ſomewhat improved by a ſlight alteration:
All that *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided in their dire diviſion,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.
Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaſter divided. JOHNSON.

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt* [5].

[5] This is one of the most celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

JOHNSON.

P. 3. *THE Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third*, had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men, &c." He most probably means Shakespeare's; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more antient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shews how early Shakespeare's play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *K. Rich.* III. had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—— or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*" STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakespeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *K. Rich.* III. "acted in St John's Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the twoo princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakespeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first act of which is, "The showe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singing-men. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bisshoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion in MS. Harl. 2412. STEEVENS.

The Latin play of Richard III. (MS. *Harl.* n. 6926.) has the author's name—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586.

The passage, which I would mention, is upon the appearance of Richard to Buckingham and the others who came to offer him the crown:

Sed nunc duobus cinctus ecce episcopis
Apparet in summâ domo princeps pius.—

It is difficult, I think, to account for such a co-incidence, in a circumstance of mere invention, without supposing that one of the poets must have profited by the other's performance.

TYRWHITT.

This circumstance is not an invention of either poet, but taken from *Hall's Chronicle*:

"At the last he came out of his chambre, and yet not doune to theim, but in a galary ouer theim, with a bishop on euery hande of hym, where thei beneth might se hym and speke to hym, as thoughe he woulde not yet come there them til he wist what they meante, &c." FARMER.

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the Vice.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakespeare, it may not be improper, for a

bet-

better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *atellanes*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel etoit Curé de St Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit trés hautement son personage; & dura le dit Jeu —— Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre, Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et isser; & avoit deux gros Culs d'Acier, &c." Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harsnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 71. says, "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their

their back with the book in his hand, &c. &c." There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakespeare (who has frequent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for *a little vinegar* (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar*. For after the spunge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of—*Great cry, and little wool, as the devil said when he sheered his hogs*. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of saint Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum* †.

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation

† Civ. D. l. iv.

of a regular *epic* (which, he ſays, *tambien puede eſcrivirſe en proſa como en verſo* † ;) as the *myſtery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His word are *Pues que ſi venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falſos fingen en ellas, que de coſas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un ſanto los milagros de otro* ‡ ; which made them [illegible] fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, he calls them. To return :

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themſelves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we ſoon followed them: the public taſte not ſuffering any greater alteration at firſt, though the Italians at this time afforded many juſt compoſitions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of theſe *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obſtiné*. The perſons of the drama are *l'Homme Obſtiné*—*Pugnition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocriſie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obſtiné* is the atheiſt, and comes in blaſpheming, and determined to perſiſt in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, ſitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheiſt with puniſhment. After this ſcene, *Simonie*, *Hypocriſie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In concluſion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in ſhort, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obſtiné*, who perſiſts in his impiety, and is deſtroyed for an example. To this ſad ſerious ſubject they added, though in a ſeparate repreſentation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottié*, in which there was *un Payſan* [the *clown*] under the name of *Sot-Commun* [or *Fool*.] But we, who borrowed all theſe delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Payſan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our ſerious *moralities*: Whoſe buſineſs we may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our Shakeſpeare makes to them : as in that fine ſpeech in the beginning of the third act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, where we have this obſcure paſſage :

"——*merely thou art* Death's Fool,
"*For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,*
"*And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill*——"

For, in theſe *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*) is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him ; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy : So that a repreſentation of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very ſame thing is again alluded to in theſe lines of *Love's Labour's Loſt*

"*So* Portent-*like I would o'er-rule his ſtate,*
"*That he ſhould be my* Fool, *and I his* Fate."

Act IV. ſc. ii.

† B. iv. c. 20. ‡ Ib. 21.

But the French, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel ſpecies, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy.* WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Diſſertation is ſubjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice.*

LIKE the old Vice.] The alluſion here is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of aſs's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakeſpeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, act IV:

" *In a trice, like to the old Vice;*
" *Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,*
" *Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil.*

In the ſecond part of *K. Henry* IV. act III. Falſtaff compares Shallow to a *Vice*'s dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

A vice *of kings:*

i. e. a ridiculous repreſentation of majeſty. Theſe paſſages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention ſome others, which ſeem to have eſcaped their notice, the alluſions being not quite ſo obvious.

The Iniquity was often the *Vice* in our old moralities; and is introduced in B. Jonſon's play called *The Devil's an Aſs:* and likewiſe mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

" *Being no vitious perſon, but* the Vice
" *About the town.*
" *Acts* old Iniquity, *and in the fit*
" *Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.*"

But a paſſage cited from his play will make the following obſervations more plain. Act I. Pug aſks the Devil " to lend him a *Vice:*

" *Satan.* What *Vice?*
" What kind would thou have it of?
" *Pug.* Why, any *Fraud*,
" Or *Covetouſneſs*, or lady *Vanity*
" Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him.

Thus the paſſage ſhould be ordered:

Pug. Why any: *Fraud*,
" Or *Covetouſneſs*, or lady *Vanity*
" Or old *Iniquity.*"
" *Satan.* I'll call him hither.
" *Enter* Iniquity *the Vice.*
" *Ini.* What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack
" a *Vice?*
" Ere his words be half ſpoken, I am with him in a trice."

And

And in his *Staple of News*, act II:

" *Mirth*. How like you *the Vice* i' th' play?
" *Expectation*. Which is he?
" *Mirth*. Three or four; *old Covetousness*, the sordid
" *Penny-boy*, the *Money-bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they
" say.
" *Tattle*. But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.
" Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a
" rush for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at
" every body he meets.
" *Mirth*. That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity*
" came in, like hokos pokos, in a jugler's jerkin, &c."

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymist*, act I. sc. 3.

" *Sub*. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *Vice*."

Some places of Shakespeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the first part of *Henry* IV. act ii. where Hal. humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend* Vice, *that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard* III. act iii.

Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the passage,

Thus, like formal-wise antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In *K. Henry* V. act iv. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman: when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there, True penny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil.

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing

ing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, τρύπανον, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Clouds, ver. 447. explains, τρύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πράγμασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Æschylus. *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person, B. xi. 517:

"*And took* his *image whom they serv'd, a brutish* Vice."

his image, i. e. a brutish *Vice*'s image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so sawcy. UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

HENRY

HENRY VIII.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolſey. *Cardinal* Campeius.
Capucius, *Embaſſador from the Emperor,* Charles V.
Cranmer, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk. *Duke of* Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk. *Earl of* Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain. *Sir* Tho. Audley, *Lord Keeper.*
Gardiner, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Biſhop of Lincoln. *Lord* Abergavenny. *Lord* Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford. *Sir* Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny. *Sir* Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands [1].
Cromwell, *Servant to* Wolſey.
Griffith, *Gentleman-Uſher to Queen* Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Phyſician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and a Serjeant at arms.*
Door Keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Queen Katharine.
Anne Bullen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman to Queen* Katharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb ſhows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers. Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies moſtly in *London* and *Weſtminſter*; once, at *Kimbolton.*

[1] Sir *William Sands* was created *lord Sands* about this time, but is here introduced among the perſons of the drama, as a diſtinct character. Sir *William* has not a ſingle ſpeech aſſigned to him; and to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after *lord Sands* has already made his appearance. STEEVENS.

There is no enumeration of the perſons in the old edition. JOHNSON.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; [2] *or to see a fellow*
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with [3] *such a show*

As

[2] *—or to see a* fellow
In a long motley coat,———]
Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD.

So, Nash, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1596: "—*fooles* ye know alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in *long coats*". STEEVENS.

[3] ———*such a show*
As fool and fight is,———]
This is not the only passage in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion* of *truth*, and *leave* him *never an understanding friend. Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coro-

 nation

As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and [4] the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,

Be

nation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*the opinion that we bring*
To make that only true we now intend,)]

These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption, I believe we may better read thus:

—— *th' opinion, that we bring*
Or *make*; *that only* truth *we now intend.* JOHNSON.

To *intend* in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend.* So, in the preceding play—

" *Intend*, some deep suspicion." STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words and reading——

That *only true to make* we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend *to exhibit only what is true.*

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425.] under the description of a " *a new play*, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called, *All is True*, representing, some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth." The *extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty*, with which, sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the cardinal Wolsey's house*, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, " the burning of *the Globe*, or playhouse, on the *Bankside*, on St. Peter's-day [1613], which, (says he) fell out *by a peale of chambers*, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play." B. Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. *Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth.*

In a MS. letter of Tho. Lorkin to sir Tho. Puckering, dated

London,

Be sad, as we would make ye: [5] *Think, ye see*
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related. "No longer since than *yesterday*, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the *play of Hen. VIII*, and there shooting of certayne *chambers* in way of triumph, the fire catch'd &c." MS. *Harl.* 7002. TYRWHITT.

[5] ——— *Think*, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,]
Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus:
——— *Think before ye.* THEOBALD.

This is specious, but the laxity of the versification in this prologue, and in the following epilogue, makes it not necessary. JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:
——— *of our* history. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY VIII[5].

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a [6] fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;

[5] We are unacquainted with any dramatic piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakespeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry. "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604.] That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry* VIII. before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stow, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
[7] 'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. [8] Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
[9] All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

[7] *'Till this time pomp was single; but now marry'd*
To one above itself.——] The thought is odd and whimsical; and obscure enough to need an explanation—Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in Henry VIII. who could support her even above her condition of finery. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was encreased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.* Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French king, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*Each following day*
Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

[9] *All clinquant,*—] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros.* JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in a *Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before king James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palsgrave and princess Elizabeth:

"——his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire."

STEEVENS.

Made

Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; [1] him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
[2] Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That [3] Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, [4] the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. [5] All was royal;

To

[1] ——— *him in eye,*
Still him in praise, ———]
So, Dryden
" ——— *Two chiefs*
" *So match'd as each seem'd worthiest when alone.*" JOHNSON.

[2] *Durst wag his tongue in* censure.] *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

[3] *That Bevis was believ'd.*] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his [illegible] created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: [illegible] Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

[4] ——— *the tract of every thing* &c.] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *All was royal*, &c.] This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted infor-

mation

To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; [6] the office did
Diſtinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?

Nor. One, certes, that promiſes no [7] element
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe [8] fierce vanities? I wonder,
[9] That ſuch a keech can with his very bulk

Take

mation, having kept his chamber during the ſolemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

I would point thus:

——all was royal
To the diſpoſing of it;

i. e. even to the diſpoſing of it. MUSGRAVE.

[6] —— *the office did*
Diſtinctly his full function.] The commiſſion for regulating this feſtivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular perſon and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *element*] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the firſt principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachreſis*, to a perſon. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*fierce vanities?*——] *Fierce* is here, I think, uſed like the French *fier* for *proud*, unleſs we ſuppoſe an alluſion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly uſed as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan ſays, the hobby horſe "is a *fierce* and rank idol." STEEVENS.

[9] *That ſuch a* keech——] Ketch, from the Italian *caicchio*, ſignifying a tub, barrel, or hogſhead, *Skinner*. POPE.

The word in the folio is *keech*, which not being underſtood, is changed into *ketch*.

A *keech* is a ſolid lump or maſs. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in ſome places a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There

Take up the rays o' the beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, ſir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends:
For, being not propt by anceſtry, (whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants, but, ſpider-like,
[1] Out of his ſelf-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
[2] A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,

There may, perhaps, be a ſingular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolſey* was the ſon of a *butcher*, and in the ſecond part of *King Henry* IV. a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Out of his ſelf*-drawing *web*;—] Thus it ſtands in the firſt edition. The later editors, by injudicious correction, have printed:
Out of his ſelf-drawn *web*. JOHNSON.

[2] *A gift that heaven gives* for him, *which buys*
A place next to the king.]
It is evident a word or two in the ſentence is miſplaced, and that we ſhould read:
A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king. WARBURTON.
It is full as likely that Shakeſpeare wrote:
——*gives* to *him*,——
which will ſave any greater alteration. JOHNSON.
I am too dull to perceive the neceſſity of any change. What he is unable to give himſelf, heaven gives or depoſits *for* him, and that gift, or depoſit, *buys a place*, &c. STEEVENS.

With-

Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up [3] the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of [4] council out,
[5] Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey [6]. [7] What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

3 ——*the file*] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.

4 ——*council out*,] Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

The expression rather means, "all mention of the board of council being *left out* of his letter." STEEVENS.

5 *Must fetch in him he papers*.] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.——I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. 13, &c. STEEVENS.

6 *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*
For this great journey.]

In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of king Henry VIII. there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

"*Pryde*. I am unhappy, I se it well,
"For *thexpence of myne apparell*
"*Towardys this vyage*—
"What in horses and other aray
"Hath compelled me for to lay
"*All my land to mortgage*." STEEVENS.

7 ——*What did this vanity*
But——]

What effect had this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

Nor.

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. [8] Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
[9] The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. [1] A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read

[8] *Every man,*
After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.]
His author, Hall, says, "*Monday, 18th day of June, there blew such storms of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear; for which hideous tempest some said it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between princes.*" In Henry VIII. p. 80.
WARBURTON.

[9] *The ambassador is* silenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This being proper to be said of an *orator*; and an ambassador or public minister being called an orator, he applies *silenc'd* to ambassador.
WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*. JOHNSON.

[1] *A proper title of a peace;—*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

The

The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where [2] comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
Secr. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and his train.*

Buck. This [3] butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I

[2] ——*comes that rock,*] To make the *rock come* is not very just. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*butcher's cur*——] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Gray observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog.*" Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog*,
"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEEVENS.

Have

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. [4] A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
[5] He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like [6]
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And [7] from a mouth of honour quite cry down

[4] ——*A beggar's book*
Out-worth's a noble's blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the antient, unletter'd, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

[5] *He* bores *me with some trick:*——] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:
"One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you, sir."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Anger is like*
A full hot horse;——] So, Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat:*
Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*from a mouth of honour*——] I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

This

This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace [8] for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From [9] sincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't: [1] his mind and place

Infect-

[8] *Heat not a furnace* &c.] Might not Shakespeare allude to Dan. iii. 22? "Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach*, *Meshac*, and *Abednego*." STEEVENS.

[9] —*sincere motions,*)—] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be *blame* not.

Whom from the flow of gall I blame *not.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*his mind and place*
Infecting one another,———]

This

Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, [2] suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal [3]
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,

This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

[2] ——suggests *the king our master*] *suggests*, for excites. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*our* court *cardinal.*] The old copy reads:
——*count* cardinal, which may be right. STEEVENS.

(As

(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Serjeant at arms before him, and two or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. [4] I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey—.
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

[4] *I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:* ——] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [*To Aberg.*
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court[5],
[6] One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, [7] Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: [8] my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham[9];
Whose

[5] *John de la Court,*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

[6] *One Gilbert Peck, his* counsellor.] So, the old copies have it, but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, chang'd it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

At which; appear'd against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor. THEOBALD.

Holinshed calls this person, "Gilbert *Peke* priest, the duke's chancellor." STEEVENS.

[7] Michael *Hopkins.*] So all the old copies had it; and so Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from them. But here again, by the help of the chronicles, I have given the true reading. THEOBALD.

[8] —*my life is spann'd already:*] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the hand*; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies*; or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined.* JOHNSON.

[9] *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.——]

These

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me;

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakespeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

" Oh, how this spring of love resembeleth
" Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
" Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
" And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony-remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

" ——— now thy captain is
" Even such a body: here I am Antony,
" But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

" ———being but the shadow of your son
" Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Such another thought appears in the famous Hist. of *Tho. Stukely*, 1605:

" He is the *substance* of my *shadowed* love."

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in the *Bloody Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,
" He *darkens all your light.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. My life itself, [1] and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: [2] I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the Queen, usher'd by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

[1] ——*and the best* heart *of it,*] The expression is monstrous. The heart is supposed the seat of life: but, as if he had many lives, and to each of them a heart, he says, *his best heart.* A way of speaking that would have become a cat rather than a king.
WARBURTON.

This expression is not more monstrous than many others. Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart.* Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart.* The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak.*
JOHNSON.

[2] ——*stood i' the level*
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; ——]
To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth,* so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

 King.

King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although, [*To Wolsey.*
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
[3] The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

[3] *The* many *to them 'longing,*—] The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:
"*The kings before their* many *rode.*" JOHNSON.
I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:
"——the mutable rank-scented *many*." STEEVENS.

[4] And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
[5] And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; [6] and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,

[4] *And lack of other* means,—] *Means* does not signify methods of livelihood, for that was said immediately before:

Unfit for other life,———

but it signifies, *necessaries—compelled*, says the speaker, *for want of bread and other necessaries.* But the poet using for the thing [*want of bread*] the effect of it, [*hunger*] the passage is become doubly obscure; first, by using a term in a licentious sense, and then by putting it to a vicious construction. The not apprehending that this is one of the distinguishing peculiarities in Shakespeare's stile, has been the occasion of so much ridiculous correction of him. WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note rather because it seems to have been the writer's favourite, than because it is of much value. It explains what no reader has found difficult, and, I think, explains it wrong. JOHNSON.

[5] *And* Danger *serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARBURTON.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantis*; the third in his *Bouge of Court*:

"With that, anone out start *dangere*."

and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*front but in that file*] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience [7] is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
[8] There is no primer business.

King.

[7] —*tractable obedience* &c.] i. e. those who are tractable and obedient must give way to others who are angry. MUSGRAVE.

[8] *There is no primer* business.] In the old edition:

There is no primer baseness.

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word

King. By my my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint[9]
Our necessary actions, in the fear
[1] To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
[2] By sick interpreters, once weak ones[3], is

a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. WARBURTON.

9 *We must not* stint] To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

1 *To cope*—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

2 *By sick* &c.] The old edition reads:

By sick interpreters, (once *weak ones*) *is*
Not ours,———

I do not know that the old reading ought to be restored, but it may be noted. JOHNSON.

The modern editors read——*or* weak ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers.

So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton:

"This diamond shall *once* consume to dust."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"I pray thee *once* tonight give my sweet Nan this ring." STEEVENS.

Not ours, or not allow'd; [4] what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
[5] From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you, [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to ever shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession [6], this revokement

4 ——— *what worst, as oft,*
Hitting a grosser quality, ——]
The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

5 *From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;*] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches.* WARBURTON.

6 *That through our intercession, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 892: "The cardinall, to deliver himselfe from the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abrode that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things." STEEVENS.

And

And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd [7], a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid [8] out of himself. Yet see,
When these so [9] noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. [1] This man, so compleat,
Who

7 *The gentleman is learn'd*, &c.] It appears from "The Prologue of the translatour," that the *Knyght of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland* the printer, adds, "this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, of whom linially is descended my said lord.*" The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.
STEEVENS.

8 ——*out of himself.*——] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNSON.

9 ——*noble benefits*——
Not well dispos'd,——]
Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. JOHNSON.

1 ——*This man, so compleat,*
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with list'ning ravish'd, *could not find*
His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady, &c.]
This sentence is broken and confused, though, with the allowances always to be made to our authour, it may be understood. Yet it may be proper to examine the old edition, which gives it thus:
-*and when we,*
Almost with ravish'd list'ning——

I know

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonde[illegible] and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black [2]
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note

I know not whether we may not read:

——— *this man*
Who was enroll'd with wonder, and whom *we*
Almost were *ravish'd listening, could not find*
His hour of speech a minute.

To listen a man, for, to hearken to him, is commonly used by our authour. So, by *Milton*:

"*I listen'd them* a while."

I do not rate my conjecture at much; but as the common reading is without authority, something may be tried. Perhaps the passage is best as it was originally published. JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *is become as black*
As if besmear'd in hell.]

So, in *Othello*:

"——Her name, that was as fresh
"As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
"As mine own face." STEEVENS.

This

[3] This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this
[4] By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,

3 *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

4 *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.*] In former editions:
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.
We heard before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet will it not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, call'd Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. THEOBALD.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakespeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it. STEEVENS.

Men

Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after [5] *under the confession's seal*
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love [6] *of the commonalty; the duke*
Shall govern England.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions

5 ——*under the* commission's *seal*
He solemnly had sworn,——]
So, all the editions down from the very beginning. But what *commission*'s seal? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors ever asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—"The *duke* in talk told the *monk*, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." *Vid.* Life of *Hen.* VIII. p. 863. THEOBALD.

6 *For the love*] The old copy reads—*To* the love. STEEVENS.

The

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank [5]? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—[6] Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

[5] —*so rank?*—] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

[6] ——*Being my sworn servant*, &c.] Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee; What say'st?

Surv. After — *the duke his father,* — with — *the knife,* —
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. [7] Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands.

[7] *Is it possible, the* spells *of France should juggle*
Men into such strange mysteries?]
These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the *spells* of France. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers, &c. with *spells* and *charms* could force men to commit idle fantastic actions; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus:

Men into such strange mockeries.

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir Thomas More, speaking of this very matter, at the same time, says:

Ut

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good, our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
[8] A fit or two o'the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
[9] And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham.

" *Ut more* simiæ *laboret fingere*
" *Et æmulari* Gallicas ineptias."

But the Oxford editor, without regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries*; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or *juggled* into by *spells*, must have a *passive* signification, as *mockeries*, [i. e. visible figures] not an *active*, as *mimick'ries*. WARBURTON.

I do not deny this note to be plausible, but am in doubt whether it be right. I believe the explanation of the word *mysteries* will spare us the trouble of trying experiments of emendation. *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

[8] *A fit or two o' the face*;——] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:

" —— learnt new tongues——
" To *vary his face* as seamen do their compass.

STEEVENS.

[9] *And* springhalt *reign'd among 'em.*] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

So, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

" —by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams."

Again,

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after ſuch a pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they have worn out chriſtendom. How now
What news, ſir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monſieurs
To think an Engliſh courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the Louvre.
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) leave theſe remnants
Of fool, and feather [1], that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew-Fair:*
"Poor ſoul, ſhe has had a *ſtringhalt.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *——leave thoſe remnants*
Of fool and feather,] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumſtance to which no ridicule could juſtly belong) but to an effeminate faſhion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "——we ſtrive to be counted womaniſh, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our anceſtors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers ſtrove to exceed one another in vertue not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind, &c." Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607. Phantaſtes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*. STEEVENS.

Abuſ-

Abufing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wifdom) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall ftockings,
Short blifter'd breeches [2], and thofe types of travel,
And underftand again like honeft men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdnefs, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyfick, their difeafes
Are grown fo catching.

Cham. What a lofs our ladies
Will have of thefe trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the fly whorefons
Have got a fpeeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French fong, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're going;
(For, fure, there's no converting of 'em) now
An honeft country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-fong,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current mufick too.

Cham. Well faid, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not caft yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor fhall not, while I have a ftump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordfhip is a gueft too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a fupper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll affure you.

2 —blifter'd *breeches*,] Thus the old copy. i. e. breeches puff'd, fwell'd out like *blifters*. The modern editors read—*bolfter'd* breeches, which has the fame meaning. STEEVENS.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this [a] noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry

a —*noble* bevy—] Milton has copied this word:
" *A* bevy *of fair dames.*" JOHNSON.

As

[4] As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and sir Thomas Lovel.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guilford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,

[4] *As, first, good company, good wine, &c.*] As this passage has been all along pointed, sir Harry Guilford is made to include all these under the *first* article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

As first-good *company, good wine, good welcome,* &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater violence:

As first, good company, then *good wine,* &c. JOHNSON.

And thank you lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies: [*Sits.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours:—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play [7].

[8] —— *if I make my play.*] i. e. if I make my party. STEEVENS.

Here's

Here's to your ladyſhip: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to ſuch a thing,—

Anne. You cannot ſhew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers diſcharg'd*[6].

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, ſome of you. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers;
For ſo they ſeem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can ſpeak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*All ariſe, and tables removed.*

6 —— *Chambers diſcharg'd.*] A *chamber* is a gun which ſtands erect on its breech. Such are uſed only on occaſions of rejoicing, and are ſo contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noiſe more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* becauſe they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combuſtibles. Some of them are ſtill fired in the Park, and at the places oppoſite to the parliament-houſe, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows:—"cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebuſe, muſquet."
Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"—— I ſtill think o' the Tower ordinance,
"Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's ſtill fir'd
"When my lord-mayor takes his barge." STEEVENS.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers [7], *habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Chuse ladies for the dance. King, and Anne Bullen.*
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,—
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

[7] *Enter the king, and others, as maskers.*] For an account of this masque see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921. STEEVENS.

Wol.

Wol. What ſay they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will [8] take it.

Wol. Let me ſee then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. [9] You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair aſſembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I ſhould judge now [1] unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown ſo pleaſant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pry'thee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't pleaſe your grace, ſir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viſcount Rochford, one of her highneſs' women.

King. By heaven, ſhe is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiſs you [2].—A health, gentlemen,

[8] —*take it.*] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

[9] *You have found him, cardinal:*] Holinſhed ſays the cardinal miſtook, and pitched upon ſir Edward Neville; upon which the king laughed, and pulled off both his own maſk and ſir Edward's. *Edward's MSS.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, miſchievouſly.* JOHNSON. So, in *A merye Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "—in ſuch manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unhappineſſe* and falſneſſe." STEEVENS.

[2] *I were unmannerly to take you out,*
And not to kiſs you.]
A kiſs was anciently the eſtabliſhed fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Cuſtom and Veritie, concerning the Uſe and Abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie*, bl. l. no date. "Imprinted at London, at the long ſhop adjoining unto ſaint Mildreds church in the Pultrie, by John Allde."

"But ſome reply, what foole would daunce,
"If that when daunce is doon,
"He may not have at ladyes lips
"That which in daunce he woon?" STEEVENS.

Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one.——Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

1 *Gen.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gen.* O,—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gen* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gen.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gen.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely [3],
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

[3] —— *he sweat extremely*;] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed. "After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore chafing, and *sweat marvelously*." STEEVENS.

But

But he fell to himſelf again, and, ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2 *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.
1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: Firſt, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.
2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal inſtantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and, o' my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirrour of all courteſy;—
1 *Gen.* Stay there, ſir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Tipſtaves before him, the axe with the edge toward him; halberds on on each ſide) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William * *Sands, and common people, &c.*

2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,

* *Sir William.*] The old copy reads, *Sir Walter.* STEEVENS.

You

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. [5] You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: [6] no black envy

Shall

[5] ——— -*You few, that lov'd me*, &c.] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic. JOHNSON.

———*no black envy*
Shall make *my grave.* ———]

The

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, 'till my soul forsake me,

The sense of this is, that envy should not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he would say; he believed the cardinal's envy did procure his death. He is speaking not of another's envy but his own. And his thought is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving temper. We should read therefore:

——— *no* black *envy*
Shall mark *my grave.*——

alluding to the old custom of marking good or ill, by a *white* or *black* stone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has with good judgment observed the error, but has not, I think, very happily corrected it. I do not see how the envy of those that are buried can *mark* the grave. In reading the lines I cannot but suspect that two words, as it may naturally happen, have changed places:

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take *peace with: no black envy*
Shall make *my grave.*——

I would read thus:

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't make *peace with, no black envy*
Shall take *my grave.*——

To *take*, in this place, is to *blast*, to *strike with malignant influence*. So, in *Lear*:

" —— *Strike her young limbs,*
" *Ye* taking *airs, with lameness.*

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——*No spirit dares walk abroad,*
" *No planet* takes.——" JOHNSON.

I believe Shakespeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of* malice *shall conclude my life*. *Envy* by our author is used for malice and *hatred* in other places, and, perhaps, in this.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

" Traytoure, he sayd with great *envy*,
" Turne thee now I thee defye."

Again:

" They drewe theyr swordes hastely
" And smot together with great *envy*."

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it. STEEVENS.

Shall

Shall cry for bleſſings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water ſide I muſt conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to ſir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: ſee, the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture, as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

Buck. Nay, ſir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my ſtate now but will mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high conſtable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun [7]:
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant: [8] I now ſeal it;

[7] ——*poor Edward* Bohun:] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford, Shakeſpeare was led into the miſtake by Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

This is not an expreſſion thrown out at random, or by miſtake, but one ſtrongly marked with hiſtorical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham moſt generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *Hiſt. of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, ſays: "it ſeems he affected that ſurname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being deſcended from the *Bohuns*, earls of Hereford." His reaſon for this might be, becauſe he was lord high conſtable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bohuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not ſeem probable that he had fully conſidered of the duke's foundation for aſſuming the name of *Bohun*? In truth, the duke's name was BAGOT; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heireſs of the barony of Stafford, and their ſon relinquiſhing his paternal ſurname, aſſumed that of his mother, which continued in his poſterity. TOLLET.

[8] ——*I now ſeal it*, &c.] I now ſeal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood ſhall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

And

And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan
for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:——
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake you; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel:
And when you would say something that is sad [9],

[9] *And when you would say something that is sad* &c.] So, in *K. Richard* II:

"Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
"And send the hearers weeping to their beds

STEEVENS.

Speak

Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive
me! [*Exeunt Buckingham, and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
[1] A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,

[1] *Strong faith*—] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

The

The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of fortune,
Turns what he liſts. This king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.

Nor. How holily he works in all his buſineſs!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's ſoul; and there ſcatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conſcience,
Fears, and deſpairs, and all theſe for his marriage:
And, out of all theſe to reſtore the king,
He counſels a divorce: a loſs of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of fortune falls,
Will bleſs the king: And is not this courſe pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from ſuch counſel! 'Tis moſt true,
Theſe news are every where; every tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into theſe affairs, ſee his main end,
The French king's ſiſter [2]. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his ſlavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
[3] From princes into pages: all men's honours

[2] *The French king's ſiſter.*] i. e. the ducheſs of Alençon. STEEVENS.

[3] *From princes into pages:*—] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had ſeveral of the nobility among his menial ſervants. JOHNSON.

Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
[4] Into what pitch he pleaſe.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, ſo I'll ſtand,
If the king pleaſe; his curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; ſo I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with ſome other buſineſs, put the king
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuſe me;
The king hath ſent me other-where: beſides,
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him:
Health to your lordſhips.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

A Door opens, and diſcovers the King ſitting and reading penſively [5].

Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

[4] *Into what pitch he pleaſe.*] Here is a ſtrange diſſonance in the metaphor, which is taken from unbak'd dough. I read:
Into what pinch *he pleaſe.*
i. e. into what ſhape he pleaſe. WARBURTON.

I do not think this emendation neceſſary, let the alluſion be to what it will. The maſs muſt be faſhioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleaſes, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The alluſion ſeems to be to the 21ſt verſe of the 9th chapter of the Epiſtle of St. Paul to the *Romans*: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the ſame lump, to make one veſſel unto honour, and another unto diſhonour?" COLLINS.

[5] *A door opens*, &c.] The ſtage direction in the old copy is a ſingular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and ſits reading penſively.* STEEVENS.

King.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?——O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome, [*To Campeius.*
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, [6] have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To Wolsey.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [*To Norf. and Suf.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be [7] so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.* } *Aside.*

6 ——*have great care*
I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

7 —*so sick though*,—] That is, *so sick* as he is proud. JOHNSON.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wiſdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if he have any goodneſs,
The trial juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurſe of judgment,
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This juſt and learned prieſt, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I preſent unto your highneſs.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have ſent me ſuch a man I would have wiſh'd for.

Cam. Your grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers' loves,
You are ſo noble: To your highneſs' hand
I tender my commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their ſervant,
In the unpartial judging of this buſineſs.

King. Two equal men. The queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of leſs place might aſk by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the beſt, ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt; God forbid elſe. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new ſecretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*
King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
[8] Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave

[8] *Kept him a foreign man still:*—] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

So ſweet a bedfellow? But, conſcience, conſcience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her; and ſhe
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courſes of the ſun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majeſty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thouſand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis ſweet at firſt to acquire,—after this proceſs,
9 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monſter.

Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
1 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce

It

9 *To give her the avaunt!*——] To ſend her away contemptuouſly; to pronounce againſt her a ſentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

1 *Yet, if that* quarrel, *Fortune,*—] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her ſtriking ſo deep and ſuddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow ſo called. Thus *Fairfax*:

" ——*Twang'd the ſtring, out flew the* quarrel *long.*
WARBURTON.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

That quarreller *Fortune.*

I think

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's [2] stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is [3] our best having.

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— but that your royalty
" Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
" For *Idleness itself.*"

Like Martial's—" *Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.*" We might, however, read——

Yet if that quarrel fortune *to* divorce
It from the bearer."—

i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakespeare :.

" —I'll tell you as we pass along,
" That you will wonder what hath *fortuned?*"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ii:

" It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine) &c."

STEEVENS.

[2] —*stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third act:

" ———Katharine no more
" Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
" And widow to prince Arthur." TOLLET.

[3] ———*our best having.*] That is, our best *possession.* So, in *Macbeth:*

" ———*Promises*
" *Of noble* having *and of royal hope.*

In Spanish, *hazienda.* JOHNSON.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft [4] cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: [5] Pluck off a little;

4 ——*cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft-leather. JOHNSON.
So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:
"The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law." STEEVENS.

5 ——*Pluck off a little*;] What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:
——*Pluck* up *a little.*
Pluck up! is an idiomatical expression for *take courage.* JOHNSON.

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *dutchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;
Pluck off a little,
says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:
I would not be a young count in your way,
which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of. STEEVENS.

I would

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
[6] You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,

[6] *You'd venture an* emballing:—] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

What

What kind of my obedience I should tender;
[7] More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
[8] I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well [9];
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the king: And who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a [1] gem,
To lighten all this isle?— I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

[7] *More than my all, is nothing:*—] No figure can free this expression from nonsense. In spite of the exactness of measure, we should read:

More than my all, which *is nothing*.

i. e. which all is nothing. WARBURTON.

It is not nonsense, but only a hyperbole. Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

[8] *I shall not fail* &c.] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

[9] —*I have perus'd her well*;] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it should seem, that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king *James*. THEOBALD.

[1] —*a gem*
To lighten all this isle?—]
Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark; any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"A precious ring that *lightens* all the hole." STEEVENS.

Anne.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, O fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? [2] forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,

[2] ——*is it bitter?* forty pence *no.*] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:
——*for two-pence.*
The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *K. Rich.* II. act V. sc. v:
"The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act II. the clown says, *As fit as* ten groats *for the hand of an attorney.*

Again, in *The Wild Goose Chase* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"——Now could I spend my *forty pence*,
"With all my heart."

Again, in Green's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*:
"——wagers laying &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling."

Again, in *Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610. This sum is the fee of some players:
"Give them *forty pence*, and let them go."

Again, in *The longer thou Livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:
"I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence*."

Again, in the old Enterlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:
"To se her fashion I would bestow my *forty pence*."

Again, in the *Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:
"Nay, that I will not for *fourty pence*." STEEVENS.

For

For all the mud in Ægypt [3]:—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, [4] sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the

[3] *For all the mud in Egypt:*] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

[4] *sennet,*] I know not the meaning of this word, which is in all the editions, except that of Hanmer, who, not understanding it, has left it out. JOHNSON.

Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be witheld from the public.

Senné.

the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver [5] *pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and*

Senné or *sennie* de l'Allemand *sen* qui signifie assemblee. Dict. de vieux *Langage*:

"*Senne* assemblee *a son de cloche*." *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *senesse* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Cæsar*, act I. sc ii. STEEVENS.

In the second part of *Marston's Antonio*:

"Cornets sound a *cynet*." FARMER.

[5] *pillars*;] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. *More's Life of Sir T. More*. JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against cardinal Wolsey, has these lines:

"With worldly pompe incredible,
"Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;
"And they bear two crosses right longe,
"Gapynge in every man's face:
"After them folowe two laye men secular,
"And eache of theym holdyn a *pillar*,
"In their hondes steade of a mace." STEEVENS.

——*two great silver pillars.*] At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakespeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920 of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

mace.

mace. The King takes place under the cloth of ſtate; the two Cardinals ſit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the court, in manner of a conſiſtory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the attendants ſtand in convenient order about the ſtage.

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides the authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be't ſo:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come
Into the court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice [6];
And to beſtow your pity on me: for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,

[6] *Sir, I deſire you do me right and juſtice*; &c.] This ſpeech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinſhed with the moſt trifling variations. STEEVENS.

And

And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? [8] nay, gave not notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,

[7] ——*nay, gave* not *notice*] In former editions:
——*nay, gave notice*,
which, though the author's common liberties of speech might justify, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and have therefore followed sir Thomas Hanmer's correction. JOHNSON.

Who

Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal,——
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep[8]; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that

[8] *I am about to weep*; &c.] Shakespeare has given almost a similar sentiment to *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

" I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
" Commonly are &c.—but I have
" That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
" Worse than tears drown; &c." STEEVENS.

You

You are mine enemy; [9] and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present; If it be known to him,
That I gainsay [1] my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to

[9] ——*and make my* challenge,
You shall not be my judge:]
Challenge is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I* challenge *him*. I think there is a slight errour which destroys the connection, and would read:
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, I *make my* challenge.
—*You shall not be my judge.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*gainsay*] i. e. deny. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid:*
" I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words."
STEEVENS.

Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
[2] You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted [3],
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than

[2] *You* sign *your place and calling*,——] *Sign*, for answer. WARBURTON.

I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*now are mounted,*
Where powers *are your retainers*; *and your* words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will,——]
You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue: and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; *Having now got* power, *you do not regard your word.* JOHNSON.

I believe we should read:
" Where powers are your retainers, and your *wards*,
" Domesticks to you, &c."
The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestic servants*.
TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:
" I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;
" I car'd not for the gentry, for I had
" Yong nobles of the land, &c." STEEVENS.

Your

Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, * could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,

* —*could speak thee out*)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; [5] although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness: or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The passages made toward it:—[6] on my honour,
I speak

———*although not there*
At once, *and fully satisfied*)———]
What he aims at is this; where I am robbed and bound, there must I be unloosed, though the injurers be not there to make me satisfaction; as much as to say, I owe so much to my own innocence, as to clear up my character, though I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice. It seems then that Shakespeare wrote:

Aton'd, *and fully satisfied.*——— WARBURTON.

I do not see what is gained by this alteration. The sense, which is encumbered with words in either reading, is no more than this. I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

6 ———*on my honour,*
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,]
The *king*, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal's*

I ſpeak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
[7] Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By the biſhop of Bayonne, then French ambaſſador;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean, the biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertiſe
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. [8] This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,

dinal's ſentiments upon the point in queſtion; and clears him from any attempt, or wiſh, to ſtir that buſineſs. THEOBALD.

[7] *Scruple, and* prick,——] Prick of conſcience was the term in confeſſion. JOHNSON.

The expreſſion is from Holinſhed, where the king ſays: "The ſpecial cauſe that mov'd me unto this matter was a certaine ſcrupuloſitie that *pricked* my conſcience &c." See *Holinſhed*, p. 907. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*This reſpite ſhook*
The boſom *of my conſcience*,——]
Though this reading be ſenſe, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote:

The bottom *of my conſcience*,——

Shakeſpeare, in all his hiſtorical plays, was a moſt diligent obſerver of Holinſhed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinſhed, in the ſpeech which he has given to king Henry upon this ſubject, makes him deliver himſelf thus: "Which words, once conceived within the ſecret *bottom* of my *conſcience*, ingendred ſuch a ſcrupulous doubt, that my conſcience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and diſquieted." *Vid.* Life of *Henry VIII.* p. 907. THEOBALD.

And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus [9] hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—

[9] ——hulling *in*
The wild sea ——]
That is, floating without guidance; toss'd here and there.
JOHNSON.

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:
"And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."
STEEVENS.

Bear-

Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. [1] I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
[2] That's paragon'd o'the world.

[1] *I then mov'd you,*] I have rescued the text from Holinshed.—"I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I *moved* you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and *so I did of all you*, my lords." Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908. THEOBALD.

[2] *That's* paragon'd i' th' *world.*] Hanmer reads, I think, better:
———*The primest creature*
That's paragon o' th' *world.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
No: but she is an earthly *paragon.*
Again, in another of our author's plays:
——an angel! or, if not,
An earthly *paragon.*
To *paragon*, however, is a verb used by Shakespeare both in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello:*
If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again
My man of men
———a maid
That *paragons* description and wild fame. STEEVENS.

Cam. So pleaſe your highneſs,
The queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holineſs. [*They riſe to depart* 3.
King. I may perceive,
Theſe cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved ſervant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Queen. Take thy lute, wench: my ſoul grows ſad with troubles;
Sing, and diſperſe them, if thou canſt: leave working.

3 *They riſe to depart.*] Here the modern editors add: *The king ſpeaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by ſome ſubſequent editor. Cranmer was now abſent from court on an embaſſy, as appears from the laſt ſcene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolſey, that he is return'd and inſtall'd archbiſhop of Canterbury:

My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return!——

is no more than an apoſtrophe to the abſent biſhop of that name. Ridley.

SONG.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence [4].
Queen. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Queen. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit. Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
[5] They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But

4 *Wait in the* presence.] i. e. in *the presence-chamber.* STEEVENS.

5 *They should be good men; their* affairs *are righteous:*] *Affairs* for *professions*; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is they are priests. The *illation*, therefore they are good men; *for* being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. WARBURTON.
The

But, All hoods make not monks [6].

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Queen. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Queen. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
[7] Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even: If your business
[8] Seek me out [9], and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their *present errand*, but the *business of their calling*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*All hoods make not monks.*] Cucullus non facit monachum. STEEVENS.

[7] *Envy and base opinion set against 'em,*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

[8] *Seek me out,*] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read—*if your business seek me*, speak *out*, *and that way I am* wise *in*. i.e. in the way that I can understand. TYRWHITT.

[9] ———*and that way I am* wise *in*,] That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the king's *wife*; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wise *in*. JOHNSON.

Wol.

Wol. Tanta eſt ergà te mentis integritas, regina ſereniſſima,—

Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin [1];
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious;
Pray, ſpeak in Engliſh: here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake;
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in Engliſh.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am ſorry, my integrity ſhould breed,
(And ſervice to his majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions,
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice, and his counſel.—

Queen. To betray me. [*Aſide.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,

[1] *O, good my lord, no Latin.*] So, Holinſhed p. 908: "Then began the cardinall to ſpeake to her in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth ſhe) ſpeake to me in Engliſh." STEEVENS.

Ye

Ye ſpeak like honeſt men, (pray God, ye prove ſo!)
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer,
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been [2], (for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counſel, for my cauſe;
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with theſe fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Engliſhman dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainſt his highneſs' pleaſure,
([3] Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And live a ſubject? Nay, forſooth, my friends,
They that muſt [4] weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace

[2] *For her ſake that I have been,* &c.] For the ſake of that royalty that I have heretofore poſſeſſed. MALONE.

[3] (*Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt*)] Do you think that any Engliſhman dare adviſe me; or, if any man ſhould venture to adviſe with honeſty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

[4] ——— weigh out *my afflictions,*] This phraſe is obſcure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, *to deliver by weight*; but this ſenſe cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewiſe *to deliberate upon, to conſider with due attention.* This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phraſe, *to weigh out*, may ſignify to *counterbalance, to counteract* with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out* is the ſame as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakeſpeare has *overcome* for *come over*. STEEVENS.

Would

Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.

Queen. How, ſir?

Cam. Put your main cauſe into the king's protection;

He's loving, and moſt gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cauſe;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruin:
Is this your chriſtian counſel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.

Queen. [6] The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,
I have more charity: But ſay, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's ſake, take heed, leſt at once
The burden of my ſorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere diſtraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would ye have me
(If you have any juſtice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,

[6] *The more ſhame for ye;*—] If I miſtake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The diſtreſs of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which ſhe is irreſiſtibly tempted by the word *cardinal.* JOHNSON.

And

And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe like this.

Cam. You fears are worſe.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long,—let me ſpeak myſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one?
A woman, (I dare ſay, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondneſs, [7] ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her huſband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this Engliſh earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
[8] Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What

[7] ——*ſuperſtitious to him?*] That is, ſerved him with ſuperſtitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

[8] *Ye have angels' faces,*——] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in the *Arrangement of Paris*, 1584. The goddeſſes refer the diſpute about the golden apple to the deciſion of *Diana*, who ſetting aſide their reſpective claims, awards it to queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

"Her people are ycleped *angeli*,
"Or if I miss a letter, is the moſt."

In this paſtoral, as it is called, the queen herſelf may be almoſt

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almoſt, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lilly,
That once was miſtreſs of the field, and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honeſt,
You'd feel more comfort: why ſhould we, good lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em.
For goodneſs' ſake, conſider what you do;
How you may hurt yourſelf, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends, and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo. You wrong your virtues
With theſe weak women's fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts

moſt ſaid to have been a performer, for at the concluſion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates depoſit their inſignia at her feet. It was preſented before her majeſty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following paſſage in *The Spaniſh Maſquerado*, by Greene, 1,8,, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a ſaint."—*England*, a little iſland, where, as *ſaint Auguſtin* ſaith, there be people with *angels faces*, ſo the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lyons." STEEVENS.

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Antichamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And [9] force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers

[9] *And force them*——] *Force* is *enforce, urge.* JOHNSON.

Have

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, [1] or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard [2]
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

[1] *——or at least*
Strangely *neglected?——*]
The plain sense requires us to read:
Stood not *neglected?——* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's alteration makes a more correct sentence, but in our authour's licentious English, the passage, as it stands, means the same as, *which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected?* JOHNSON.

[2] *——when did he regard*
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of *himself?*]
The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolsey to be *noble*, which was not so: we should read and point;
——when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person;
Out of't *himself?*
i. e. when did he regard *nobleness* of blood in another; having none of his own to value himself upon? WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he,* however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another?* JOHNSON.

In the divorce, his [3] contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
[4] And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
[5] Trace the conjunction!

Suf.

[3] ——*contrary proceedings*] Private practices opposite to his public procedure. JOHNSON.

[4] *And* hedges, *his own way.*——] It is not said, that the king perceives how he *obstructs* his own way; but how *obliquely* he pursues it: we should read therefore:

——edges *his own way.*—— WARBURTON.

To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNSON.

[5] *Trace the conjunction!*] To *trace*, is to *follow*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth:*

" —all

Suf. My amen to't!
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd [6].
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom [7]: shortly, I believe,
His

"——all unfortunate souls
"That *trace* him in his line." STEEVENS.

[6] *In it be* memoriz'd.] To *memorize* is to make memorable. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*, act I. sc. ii: STEEVENS.

[7] *He is return'd in his opinions; which*
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges,
Almost in Christendom;——]

 Thus

His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princeſs dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur,

Nor. This ſame Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's buſineſs.

Suf. He has; and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an archbiſhop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis ſo.
The cardinal——

Enter Wolſey, and Cromwell.

Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inſide of the paper?

Crom. Preſently
He did unſeal them: and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: *Cranmer*, ſays Suffolk, *is returned in his opinions*, i. e. with the ſame ſentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, *which* (ſentiments) *have ſatisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges* referred to on the occaſion.——Or, perhaps, the paſſage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves) may mean—*He is return'd* in effect, having ſent *his opinions*, i.e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. Mr. Rowe altered theſe lines as follows, and all ſucceeding editors have ſilently adopted his unneceſſary change:

> *He is return'd* with *his opinions, which*
> *Have ſatisfy'd the king for his divorce,*
> Gather'd from *all* the *famous colleges*
> *Almoſt in Chriſtendom.*—— STEEVENS.

Crom.

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*

It ſhall be to the dutcheſs of Alençon,
The French king's ſiſter: he ſhall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair viſage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wiſh
To hear from Rome.—The marchioneſs of Pembroke!—

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deſerving? yet, I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i' the boſom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething.

Sur. I would, 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter cord of his heart!

[8] *Enter the King, reading a ſchedule; and Lovel.*

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To

[8] *Enter the King, reading a ſchedule;*] That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by miſtake, and

To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,

and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797.

"Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.——This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect, &c."

STEEVENS.

rings

Springs out into faſt gait; then, ſtops again [1],
Strikes his breaſt hard; and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the moon: in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conſcience, put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs, and ornaments of houſhold; which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual object, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His ſerious conſidering.

[*He takes his ſeat; and whiſpers Lovel, who goes to Wolſey.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bleſs your highneſs!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

[1] ——— *then, ſtops again,*] Salluſt deſcribing the diſturbed ſtate of Cataline's mind, takes notice of the ſame circumſtance. "——citus modo, modo tardus inceſſus." STEEVENS.

For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
[1] Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours

[1] *Beyond all man's* endeavours——] *Endeavours* for deserts. But the Oxford editor not knowing the sense in which the word is here used, alters it to *ambition.* WARBURTON.

To put *ambition* in the place of *endeavours* is certainly wrong; and to explain *endeavours* by *deserts* is not right. The sense, and that not very difficult, is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour.* I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

Have

Have ever come too short of my desires,
[2] Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, [3] i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, [4] notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

[2] *Yet, fil'd with my abilities:—*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene:
——*front but in that* file
Where others tell steps with me. STEEVENS.

[3] ——o' *the contrary*
The foulness is the punishment.]
So Hanmer. The rest read:
——i' *the contrary.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to *be a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular* devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor. JOHNSON.

 And

And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolſey; the Nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.*

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper;
I fear, the ſtory of his anger.—'Tis ſo;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to his holineſs. Nay then, farewel!
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haſte now to my ſetting: I ſhall fall

Like

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Esher house [5], my lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. [6] 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I m

[5] *To* Esher *house,*] The old copy reads—*Asher.* It was anciently so called, as appears from *Holinshed:*

"—and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher.*" *Holinshed,* p. 909. Vol. II. WARNER.

[6] *Till I find more than will or words to do it,*
(I mean your malice) know,——
I dare —— *deny it.*]

They bid him render up his *seal.* He answers, *where's your commission?* They say, *we bear the king's will from his mouth.* He replies, *till I find,* &c. i. e. all the *will* or *words* I yet discover proceed from your malice; and till I find more than that, I shall not comply with your demand. One would think this plain enough; yet the Oxford editor, in the rage of emendation, alters the line thus:

Whilst *I find more than* his *will or words to do it,*
I mean your malice, &c.

which bears this noble sense, worthy a wise lord chancellor: Whilst I find your malice joined to the king's will and pleasure, I shall not obey that will and pleasure. WARBURTON.

Wolsey had said:

words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

To

(I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

To which they reply:
Who dare cross 'em? &c.
Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech, *Till I find more than will or words* (*I mean* more than *your malicious* will and words) *to do it*; that is, *to carry authority so mighty*; I will deny to return what the king has given me. JOHNSON.

I an-

I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The duke by law
Found his deſerts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my ſoul,
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhould'ſt feel
My ſword i'the life-blood of thee elſe.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks [7].

Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, againſt the king: your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpis'd nobility, our iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll ſtartle you

[7] *And* dare *us with his cap, like* larks.] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is ſcarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by ſmall mirrors faſtened on ſcarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of theſe birds while the fowler drew his net over them.
STEEVENS.

Worſe

[8] Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,

[8] *Worse than the* sacring bell,—] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614:
"Love is perhaps the *sacring bell*,
"That rings all in to heaven or hell."
Again, the abbess in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626, says:
"——you shall ring the *sacring bell*,
"Keep your hours, and toll your knell."
Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:
"He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a tomorrow mass."
Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *King John* to *Matilda*:
"Who would not rise to ring the morning knell,
"When thy sweet lips might be the *sacring bell*?"
The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. vi. STEEVENS.

You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stampt on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing [9]
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,

[9] *—to the mere undoing—*] *Mere* is absolute. So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:
"——I am as happy
"In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine."
STEEVENS.

Fall

Fall into the compaſs of a *Premunire*, [1]—
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſu'd againſt you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
[2] Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great ſeal to us,
The king ſhall know it, and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolſey.*

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And,—when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening,—[3] nips his root,
And

[1] *of a* præmunire,] It is almoſt unneceſſary to obſerve that *premunire* is a barbarous word uſed inſtead of *præmonere.*
STEEVENS.

[2] Caſtles, *and whatſoever,*——
I have ventured to ſubſtitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, becauſe the judgment in a writ of *Premunire* is, that the defendant ſhall *be out of the king's protection;* and his *lands* and *tenements, goods* and *chattels* forfeited to the king; and that his body ſhall remain in priſon at the king's pleaſure. This very deſcription of the *Premunire* is ſet out by Holinſhed in his *Life of King Henry* VIII. p. 909. THEOBALD.

[3] ——nips his *root,*] As ſpring froſts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit-trees, I ſhould imagine the poet wrote *ſhoot*, i. e. that tender *ſhoot* on which are the young *leaves* and *bloſſoms.* The compariſon, as well as expreſſion of *nips*, is juſter too in this reading. He has the ſame thought in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" *Biron is like an envious ſneaping* froſt
" *That bites the* firſt-born infants of the ſpring."

So,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin [4],
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer [5],
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

So, Milton in *Sampson Agonistes*:
"*Abortive as the* first-born bloom of spring,
"Nip'd *with the lagging rear of winter's* frost."
which seems to be taken from the place in question. WARBURTON.

Here is a long note. But at last we may as well continue the ancient reading. Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W's Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies*:
"And frosts so *nip the rootes* of vertuous meaning minds."
See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

4 ——*and* our *ruin*,] The old copy reads:
——their *ruin*. STEEVENS.

5 *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer*,] In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:
"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
"We fall at once like pillars of the sunne, &c."
STEEVENS.

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, ſir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy ſpirit wonder,
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right uſe of it.
Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel)
To endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the king.
Wol. God bleſs him!
Crom. The next is, that ſir Thomas More is choſen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have [6] a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?

[6] —— *a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!*] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A *tomb of tears* is very harſh. JOHNSON.

Crom.

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Inſtall'd lord archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in ſecrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever:
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter: Seek the king;
That ſun, I pray, may never ſet! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.
Crom. O my lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?—
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be;
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more muſt be heard of,—ſay, I taught thee,

Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: [7] cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

[7] —*cherish those hearts that* hate *thee*;] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good christian but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends*. I am of opinion the poet wrote:

—*cherish those hearts that* wait *thee*;

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be absolutely necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakespeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
[8] Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good ſir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Weſtminſter.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* You are well met [9] once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold

[8] *Had I but ſerv'd my God,* &c.] This ſentence was really uttered by Wolſey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Baſorah, was depoſed by Moawiyah the ſixth caliph, he is reported to have expreſs'd himſelf in the ſame manner:—"If I had ſerved God ſo well as I have ſerved him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*once again.*] Alluding their former meeting in the ſecond act. JOHNSON.

The lady Anne paſs from her coronation?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd ſorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am ſure, have ſhewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of [1] this day with ſhews,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll aſſure you, better taken, ſir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to aſk what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the liſt
Of thoſe, that claim their offices this day,
By cuſtom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the firſt, and claims
To be high ſteward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marſhal: you may read the reſt.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, ſir; had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beſeech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princeſs dowager? how goes her buſineſs?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunſtable, ſix miles off
From Ampthill, where the princeſs lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be ſhort, for not appearance, and

[1] ——*this day*——] Hanmer reads:
——*theſe days*,——
but Shakeſpeare meant *ſuch a day as this*, a coronation day. And ſuch is the Engliſh idiom, which our authour commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

The

The king's late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all theſe learned men ſhe was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was removed to Kimbolton,
Where ſhe remains now, ſick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!—
The trumpets ſound: ſtand cloſe, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flouriſh of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purſe and mace before him.*
4. *Choriſters ſinging.* [Muſick.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis Dorſet, bearing a ſcepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of ſilver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of eſtate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high ſteward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marſhalſhip, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each ſide her, the biſhops of London and Wincheſter.*
9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heaven bless thee! [*Looking on the queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports,

2 Gen. Those men are happy; so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the croud i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled,
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good ſir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her grace ſat down
To reſt awhile, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate, oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people.
Believe me, ſir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, [2] like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the altar; where ſhe kneel'd, and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbiſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confeſſor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems
Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choiceſt muſick of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again

[2] —*like rams*] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

To York place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gen.* You must no more call it York place, that's
past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Win-
chester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)
The other, London.
2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[3] SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman-usher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;——
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he step'd before me, happily [4],
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

[3] *SCENE* II.] This scene is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *he stepp'd before me,* happily,
For my example.]
Happily seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, hap'ly.* I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads [5], he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, [6] ever ranking
Himself with princes; [7] one, that by suggestion
Ty'd

[5] ——*with easy roads,*——] i.e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

[6] *Of an unbounded* stomach, ——] i.e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of king Richard III:

"Such a great audacitie and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *one, that by* suggestion
Ty'd *all the kingdom:*]

i.e. by giving the king pernicious counsel, he *ty'd* or enslaved the kingdom. He uses the word here with great propriety, and seeming knowledge of the Latin tongue. For the late Roman writers, and their glossers, agree to give this sense to it: Suggestio *est cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit.* So that nothing could be severer than this reflection, that that wholesome counsel, which it is the minister's duty to give his prince, was so empoisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country. Yet all this fine sense vanishes instantaneously before the touch of the Oxford editor, by his happy thought of changing *ty'd* into *tyth'd*. WARBURTON.

The word *suggestion*, says the critick, is here used with great

Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He

propriety, and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glossers*. But Shakespeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim*:

"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still chuse to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal!* A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakespeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal*: who having insolently told the *lord-mayor* and *aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient; "Sers, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie, the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again; "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makyng of abbottes, probates of testamentes, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *threasore egall with the kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the cardinal says:—

"I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
"*Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land, &c."

STEEVENS.

Ty'd all the kingdom:] i. e. He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion

He would ſay untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,

geſtion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumſcribed, and ſet bounds to the liberties and properties of all perſons in the kingdom. That he did ſo, appears from various paſſages in the play. Act II. ſc. ii. "free us from his ſlavery," "or this imperious man will work us all from princes into pages; all men's honours, &c. Act III. ſc. ii. "You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the juriſdiction of all biſhops." See alſo Act I. ſc. i. and Act III. ſc. ii. This conſtruction of the paſſage may be ſupported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644. "Far be it from me that the ſtate and prerogative of the prince ſhould be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other ſubject."

Dr. Farmer has diſplayed ſuch eminent knowledge of Shakeſpeare, that it is with the utmoſt diffidence I diſſent from the alteration which he would eſtabliſh here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinſhed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe*, of each man's ſubſtance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is queen Katharine ſpeaks here, who, in Act I. ſc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *ſixth* part of each ſubject's ſubſtance, that cauſed the rebellion. Would ſhe afterwards ſay that he, *i. e.* Wolſey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when ſhe knew he had almoſt *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer inſiſts that "the paſſage, like every other in the ſpeech, is intended to expreſs the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*." i. e. The cardinal "by craftie ſuggeſtion got into his hands innumerable treaſure." This paſſage does not relate to a public tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquiſitions. If in this ſenſe I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would ſuppoſe that, as the queen is deſcanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, ſhe borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to prieſts; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the tythes legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted ſomething equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So Buckingham ſays, Act I. ſc. i. "No man's pye is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey ſays, Act III. ſc. *ult.* "Yes, that goodneſs of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem.* "You have ſent *innumerable ſubſtance* (by what means got, I leave to your own conſcience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is ſo frequently ſpoken of, that perhaps our author purpoſely avoided a repetition of it in the paſſage under conſideration, and therefore gave a different ſentiment declarative of the conſequence of his unbounded pride, that muſt humble all others.

TOLLET.

But

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing[8].
Of his own body he was ill[9], and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water[1]. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

8 *—as he is now, nothing.*] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"——— Great men
"Till they have gain'd their ends, are *giants in*
"*Their promises*; but those obtain'd, *weak pygmies*
"*In their performance.*" STEEVENS.

9 *Of his own body he was ill,*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body.* So, in *Holinshed,* p. 1258: "he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with him. STEEVENS.

1 *——their virtues*
"*We write in water.*———]

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster:*

"——— all your better deeds
"Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble." STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in sir Tho. More's *Hist. of Richard III.* whence Shakespeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works,* bl. l. 1557, p. 59. PERCY.

And

And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it [2];
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another [3], *six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their* heads

[2] ——he *did it*;] The old copy reads:
——that *did it*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——solemnly tripping *one after another*,] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a sawcy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt Griffith, and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That

That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king[9].

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.

[9] *This to my lord the king.*] So, *Holinshed*, p. 939: "—perceiving hir selfe to wax verie weak and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside." STEEVENS.

The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My lord.——Griffith, farewel.——Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;——
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
I can no more.—— [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Some part of the Palace.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. It's one a' clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath ſtruck.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
[5] Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times.—Good hour of night, ſir Thomas!
Whither ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gard. I did, ſir Thomas; and left him at primero[6]
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, ſir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?

5 *Not for delights;*——] Gardiner himſelf is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, ſeems to be the king's diverſion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

6 ——*at* primero] *Primero* and *primaviſta*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera Primaviſta.* La *Primiere*, G. Prime, f. *Prime veue.* *Primum*, et primum *viſum*, that is, firſt, and firſt ſeen: becauſe he that can ſhew ſuch an order of cards firſt, wins the game. *Minſhieu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. GRAY.
So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612.
"Come will your lordſhip make one at *primero?*"
Again, in the Preface to *The Rival Friends*, 1632:
"——when it may be, ſome of our butterfly judgments expected a ſet at maw or *primaviſta* from them."
STEEVENS.

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
[7] Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,——
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
[8] Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,

[7] *Some touch of your late business:*——] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*mine own way;*——] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

Stands

Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have [1]
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have [2] broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented [3]. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner, and Page.*

[9] *Stands in the gap and* trade *of more preferments,*] We should read *tread*, i. e. road. WARBURTON.

Trade is the *practised method*, the *general course*. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakespeare with this meaning in *K. Richard* II:

"Some way of common *trade*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *I have*
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is, &c.
A most arch heretick, ———]

This passage, according to Shakespeare's licentious grammar, may mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is, i. e. because. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*broken with the king*;——] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

[3] *He be* convented.] *Convented* is *summoned*, convened. STEEV

As Lovel is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles;
Nor ſhall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In the greateſt humbleneſs, and deſir'd your highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman; and that her ſufferance made
Almoſt each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highneſs with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The eſtate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your highneſs
A quiet night, and my good miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night.— [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter

Enter Sir Anthony Denny [4].

Well, sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King.

[4] *Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563.

"When night came, the king sent sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie, and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in these matters, you being a counsellor.

When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content if it please your grace with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandement; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte.

The king perceiving the mans uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner a man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witnesse against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Denny. Ay, my good lord.

King.

so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding tomorrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailer, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie my lords, but that I must needes go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ryng, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbeare teares. Well, said the king, go your weies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thankes, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's physition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for nowe he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile chamber doore amongste them. It is not so, (quoth the king) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone.

Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort, as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no maner of persuasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the kings handes. The whole counsaile being thereat some-

what

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit Denny.*
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovel seemeth to stay.*

what amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said; When you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber your selves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the kings token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come to the kings presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaile chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailer as wel as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnelie laying his hand upon his brest) said, by the faith I owe to God I take this man here my lord of Canterburie, to bee of all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his induraunce, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, then for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lords, (quoth the king) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more adoe. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogethers, which might easilie be done with that man." STEEVENS.

Ha!

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt Lovel, and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: [5] You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

[5] —— *You a brother of us,*] You being of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

Than I myself, poor man[6].
King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
[7] The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck[8],
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd

[6] *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the king's reply. JOHNSON.

[7] *The* good *I stand on*——] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

The ground *I stand on*—— JOHNSON.

[8] Ween *you of better luck,*] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Upon

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.——Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. [*Exit Cranmer.*

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*within.*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever [9] bless her!——'tis a girl,

[9] ——*bless her!*——] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

Pro-

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel [1],—

Enter Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Cranmer, Servants, Door-keeper &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

[1] *Lovel,*——] Lovel has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.—
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.

[1] *Chan.* Speak to the business, master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer approaches the council table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold

[1] *Chan. Speak to the business,—*] This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ.* In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor: but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534) sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. THEOBALD.

That chair stand empty: But * we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains',
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;

* *—we are all men*
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty,——]
If all men were actually frail, they were more than capable of frailty; to understand this therefore, as only said of the natural weakness of humanity, it is absurdly expressed; but this was not our authour's sense: By *in our own natures frail*, he alludes to the doctrine of original sin: so that the sentiment is this, We are sinners by imputation, and liable to become actually so. WARBURTON.

This sentence, I think, needed no commentary. The meaning, and the plain meaning, is, *we are men frail by nature, and therefore liable to acts of frailty*, to deviations from the right. I wish every commentator, before he suffers his confidence to kindle, would repeat:

——we are all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty; few are angels. JOHNSON.

There are no such words as those which either commentator has been ambitious to explain. The first and only ancient copy reads:

——and capable
Of our flesh, *few are angels:*——

If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity.*

Shakespeare uses the word *capable* as perversely in *K. Lear:*

——and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee *capable.* STEEVENS.

But

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany [3], can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

[3] *The upper Germany,* &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GRAY.

 From

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Wincheſter, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful: I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekneſs, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear myſelf,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modeſt.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; [4] your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.

Crom. My lord of Wincheſter, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty [5],
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good maſter Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this table, ſay ſo.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer

[4] ——*your painted gloſs* &c.] Thoſe that underſtand you, under this *painted gloſs*, this fair outſide, diſcover your empty talk and your falſe reaſoning. JOHNSON.

[5] ———*'tis a cruelty*
To load a falling man.]
This ſentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolſey, ſays:
———*O my lord,*
Preſs not a falling man too far. STEEVENS.

Of

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest [*To Cranmer.*
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By

By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your grace,——
King. No, ſir, it does not pleaſe me.
I had thought, I had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deſerve that title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſy foot-boy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counſellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye mean;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My moſt dread ſovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am ſure, in me.
King. Well, well, my lords, reſpect him;
Take him, and uſe him well, he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for ſhame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm;
You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.
Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; How may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, [6] you'd spare your spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old dutchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven

6 —*you'd spare your spoons*:] It appears by this and another passage in the next scene, that the gossips gave spoons. JOHNSON.

It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: —"and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

So, in Middleton's comedy of *A chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1620:

"What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?
"A faire high standing-cup, and two great
"'*Postle spoons*, one of them gilt.——
"Sure that was Judas with the red beard."

Again:

"E'en the same gossip 'twas that gave the *spoons*."

Again, in sir W. D'avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1636:

"————my pendants, carcanets, and rings,
"My christ'ning caudle-cup, and *spoons*,
"Are dissolv'd into that lump."

Again, in the *Maid in the Mill*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Didst ask her name?———
"Yes, and who gave it her;
"And what they promis'd more, besides a *spoon*,
"And what *apostles picture*."

Again, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by the same authors:

"I'll be a gossip, Bewford,
"I have an odd *apostle spoon*." STEEVENS.

Wit-

Witnefs, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, thofe joyful tears fhew thy true heart.
The common voice, I fee, is verify'd
Of thee, which fays thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A fhrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a chriftian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow ftronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noife and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noife anon, ye rafcals: Do you take the court for [7] Paris-garden? ye rude flaves, leave your gaping.

[7] *Paris-garden?*] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.
So, in Sir *W. Davenant's News from Plimouth:*
"—— do you take this manfion for Pict-hatch?
"You would be fuitors: yes, to a fhe-deer,
"And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden.*"
Again, in Ben Jonfon's *Execration on Vulcan:*
"And cried, it was a threatning to the *bears,*
"And that accurfed ground the *Paris-garden.*"
The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakefpeare was a performer, ftood on the fouthern fide of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and diforder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almoft oppofite to Fifhmongers' Hall. Winchefter Houfe was over-againft Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhoufe faced Blackfryars, Fleetditch, or St. Paul's. It was a hexagonal building of ftone or brick. Its roof was of rufhes, with a flag on the top. See a South View of London, (as it appeared in 1599) publifhed by T. Wood, in Bifhop's Court, in Chancery-Lane, in 1771. STEEVENS.

Within.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; [8] these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient [9]; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning [1]; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor [2] sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or

[8] —*these are but switches to 'em.*] To what, or whom? We should point it thus, *these are but switches.—To 'em*, i. e. *have at you*, as we now say. He says this as he turns upon the mob. WARBURTON.

The present pointing seems to be right. JOHNSON.

[9] *Pray, sir, be patient*;] Part of this scene in the old copy is printed as verse, and part as prose. Perhaps the whole, with the occasional addition and omission of a few harmless syllables, might be reduced into a loose kind of metre; but as I know not what advantage would be gained by making the experiment, I have left the whole as I found it. STEEVENS.

[1] *On* May-day *morning*;] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *Maying* on the first of May. It is on record that king Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion. STEEVENS.

[2] —*sir Guy, nor Colbrand,*] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

she,

ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, maſter Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good maſter puppy.—Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this [3] Moreſields to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange Indian [4] with the great tool come to court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me, what a fry of fornication is at door! O' my chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtening will beget a thouſand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, ſir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he [5] ſhould be a braſier by his face, for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the

[3] *Moreſields to muſter in?*] The train-bands of the city were exerciſed in Moreſields. JOHNSON.

[4] —*ſome ſtrange* Indian] To what circumſtance this refers, perhaps, cannot now be exactly known. A ſimilar one occurs in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You ſhall ſee the ſtrange nature of an outlandiſh beaſt
"Lately brought from the land of *Cataia*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakeſpeare:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL."

COLLINS.

Fig. I. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obſcenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occaſional view for the diverſion of our indelicate anceſtors. TOLLET.

[5] —*he ſhould be a* braſier *by his face*;] A *braſier* ſignifies a man that manufactures braſs, and a reſervoir for charcoal occaſionally heated to convey warmth. Both theſe ſenſes are here underſtood.

JOHNSON.

head,

head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the [6] meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were [7] the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples [8]; that no audience, but

[6] —*the meteor*] The fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

—*Fire-drake.* A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o'th'Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

"Your wild irregular lust, which like those *firedrakes*
"Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you
"Forth from the fair path, &c."

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

"By the hissing of the snake,
"The rustling of the *fire-drake*."

Again, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1631:

"So have I seene a *fire-drake* glide along
"Before a dying man, to point his grave,
"And in it stick and hide."

A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *firework*. So, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton:

"——but like *fire-drakes*,
"Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell." STEEVENS.

[7] —*the* hope *of the strand*,] Hanmer reads, *the* forlorn *hope*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples.*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakespeare in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Deckar, 1609:

"Your

but [9] the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.
I have

"Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the *penny*."

In *Wit without Money*, by B. and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:

"——break in at plays like prentices, for *three a groat*, and crack nuts with the scholars in *penny rooms* again."

Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604: *Sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of.

Again, in the *Bellman's Night-Walks*, by Decker, 1616:

"Pay thy *twopence* to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many *twopences* you've stow'd to-day!"

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

Again, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Deckar, 1609: "—At a new playe you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met, &c."

In *Wit without Money*:

"And who extoll'd you in the *half-crown* boxes,
"Where you might sit and muster all the beauties."

and lastly, it appears from the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that *tobacco* was smoked in the same place:

"He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres."

And from B. and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, 1607, it should seem that *beer* was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a *bottle of ale cannot be opened*, but he thinks somebody hisses." STEEVENS.

9 *—the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,*] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and a mery, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poet-laureate, lately deceasyd." Printed by John Rastel, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,
"And some fall prechynge on *toure hyll*." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not
be

I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the [1] running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,

be forgotten, that "precious *limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakespeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakespeare wrote—*the lambs of Limehouse.*

A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs:

"I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,
"Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,
"And open them on Sundays: a familist,
"And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"I cannot abide these *limbs* of sattin, or rather Satan, &c."

STEEVENS.

[1] *running banquet of two beadles,*] A publick whipping.

JOHNSON.

Not

Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And [2] here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

[2] —*here ye lie baiting of* bumbards,] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel*; to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot*. JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage already quoted in a note on the *Tempest*, act II. sc. ii. out of Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, that *bumbards* were the large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled *black jacks* of leather. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "She looks like a *black bombard* with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEEVENS.

Gart.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.
King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:

She

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless
her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with
her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety [3],
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[[4] Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness)

[3] *—every man shall eat in safety,*] This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by B. and Fletcher in the *Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:

"Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,
"In his own shade, or sunshine, &c."

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first book of *Kings*: "Every man dwelt safely under his vine." STEEVENS.

[4] [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her:* ——] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our authour was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

 Who,

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess [5]; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before

[5] *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*
An aged princess,]

The transition here from the complimentary address to king *James* the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth; we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor; and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

King. *Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,*
Thou'st made me now a man. Never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing, &c.

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgment. THEOBALD.

This

This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
[6] And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *And* you *good brethren,*——] But the *aldermen* were never called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised;
And your *good brethren*——
i. e. the lord mayor's brethren; which is properly their style.
THEOBALD.

THE play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty!
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile*[7],
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

* In the character of Katharine.

[7] *If they smile*, &c.] This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second part of *King Henry IV*. Steevens.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakespeare; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakespeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revisal of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakespeare so much of *fool and fight*:

——— the fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our authour might have changed his practice or opinions.

Johnson.

I en-

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. Shakespeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakespeare must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

"*To make a child now swaddled, to proceed*
"*Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,*
"*Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,*
"*And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,*
"*Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,*
"*And in the tyring-house*, &c." STEEVENS.

THE historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakespeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

It appears from more than one *MS.* in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was, (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp.* D. VIII. and *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

CORIOLANUS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*
Titus Lartius, } *Generals againſt the Volſcians.*
Cominius, }
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volſcians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.
Conſpirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman and Volſcian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volſcians and Antiates.*

The whole hiſtory is exactly followed, and many of the principal ſpeeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch.* Pope.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. Johnson.

CORIO-

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens [1].

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority ſurfeits on, would re-

[1] *One word, good citizens.*
1 *Cit.* We are accounted *poor* citizens; the patricians, *good.*] *Good* is here uſed in the *mercantile* ſenſe. So, *Touchſtone* in *Eaſtward Hoe:*

" ——known *good* men, well monied." FARMER.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

" Antonio's a *good* man." MALONE.

lieve

lieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: [2] but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—[3] Let us revenge this with our pikes, [4] ere we become rakes:

[2] *but they think, we are too dear:*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

[3] *Let us revenge this with our* pikes, *ere we become* rakes:] It was Shakespeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with* forks, *ere we become* rakes: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad* furcas *condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the* pikes. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*. WARBURTON.

[4] *ere we become* rakes:] It is plain that, in our authour's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 288:

"As lene was his hors as is a *rake*."

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II:

"His body lean and meagre *as a rake*."

As thin as a whipping-post, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achœmenides, says:

"A meigre leane *rake*, &c."

This passage seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEVENS.

for

for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

All. Againſt him firſt; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are theſe? The other ſide o'the city is riſen: Why ſtay we prating here? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'Would, all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Our businefs is not unknown to the fenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll fhew 'em in deeds. They fay, poor fuiters have ftrong breaths; they fhall know, we have ftrong arms too.

Men. Why, mafters, my good friends, mine honeft neighbours,
Will you undo yourfelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, fir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moft charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your fuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ftaves, as lift them
Againft the Roman ftate; whofe courfe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thoufand curbs
Of more ftrong link afunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, muft help. Alack,
You are tranfported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you flander
The helms o'the ftate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curfe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famifh, and their ftore-houfes cramm'd with grain; make edicts for ufury, to fupport ufurers: repeal daily any wholefome act eftablifhed againft the rich; and provide more piercing ftatutes daily, to chain up and reftrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muft
Confefs yourfelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I fhall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, fince it ferves my purpofe [5], I will venture
To

5 ——— *I will venture*
To fcale't *a little more.*]

Thus

To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, ſir: yet you muſt not

Thus all the editions, as Mr. Theobald confeſſes, who alters it to *ſtale't*. And for a good reaſon, *becauſe he can find no ſenſe* (he ſays) *in the common reading*. For as good a reaſon, I, who can, have reſtored the old one to its place. *To ſcale't* ſignifying to weigh, examine, and apply it. The author uſes it again, in the ſame ſenſe, in this very play:

Scaling *his preſent bearing with his paſt*.

And ſo, Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill:*

" *What* ſcale *my invention before hand? you ſhall pardon me for that.*" WARBURTON.

Neither of Dr. Warburton's examples afford a ſenſe congruous to the preſent occaſion. In the paſſage quoted, to *ſcale* may be to *weigh* and *compare*, but where do we find that *ſcale* is to *apply*? If we *ſcale* the two criticks, I think Theobald has the advantage. JOHNSON.

To *ſcale* is to *diſperſe*. The word is ſtill uſed in the North. If emendation were at all neceſſary, Theobald's is as good a one as could be propoſed. The ſenſe of the old reading is, Thou; ſome of you have heard the ſtory, I will ſpread it yet wider, a diffuſe it among the reſt.

A meaſure of wine ſpilt, is called—" a *ſcal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honeſt Whore*, 1635. So, in *The Hyſtorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. a play publiſhed in 1599:

" The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde
" Are *ſkaled* from their neſtling place, and pleaſures paſſage find."

Again, in Deckar's *Honeſt Whore*, already quoted:

" ———— Cut off his beard.———

" Fye, fye; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loſs of a little *ſcal'd* hair." In the North they ſay *ſcale* the corn, *i. e.* ſcatter it: *ſcale* the muck well, *i. e.* ſpread the dung well. The two foregoing inſtances are taken from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical hiſtory of *Floddon Field*.

Again, *Holinſhed*, vol. ii. p. 499, ſpeaking of the retreat of the Welchmen during the abſence of Richard II. ſays: " —they would no longer abide, but *ſcaled* and departed away." So again, p. 530: " —whereupon their troops *ſcaled*, and fled their waies." In the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of *Virgil*, the following account of the word is given: *Skail*, *ſkale*, to *ſcatter*, to *ſpread*, perhaps from the Fr. *eſcheveler*, Ital. *ſcapigliare*, crines paſſos, ſeu ſparſos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *eſcheveler*, *ſchevel*, *ſkail*; but of a more general ſignification. STEEVENS.

think

think to fob off our [6] disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; [7] where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
[8] Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; [9] even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
[1] The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——

[6] ——disgrace *with a tale:*] *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries.* JOHNSON.

[7] ——where *the other instruments*] *Where* for *whereas.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Which ne'er came from the lungs,*——] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*even so most* fitly,] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

[1] *The counsellor heart,*——] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man.* JOHNSON.

Men.

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.
2 Cit. You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o'the brain [2];
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me,—

[2] *To th' seat o' the brain,*—] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the* brain.

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard* II. act III. sc. iv:

"Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
"Against thy *seat.*"———

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

The *kingly-crowned head*, the vigilant eye,
The *counsellor heart.*——— TYRWHITT.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
[3] Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

[3] *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to* run
Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.——]
I think, we may better read, by an easy change,
Thou rascal that art worst, in blood, to ruin
Lead'st first, to win, &c.
Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. Johnson.

Worst in blood may be the true reading. In *K. Henry* VI. P. I:
"If we bee English deer, be then *in blood*,"
i. e. high spirits.
Again, in this play of *Coriolanus*, act IV. sc. v. "But when they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*, &c." Steevens.

To win some vantage, is to get the start, or to begin the chace before another dog. Tollet.

The

4 The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,
5 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,

The

4 *The one side must have* bale.—] *Bale* is an old Saxon word for *misery* or *calamity*.

"For light she hated as the deadly *bale*."
Spenser's Fairy Queen.
STEEVENS.

5 *That* like nor *peace, nor war? The one affrights you,*
The other makes you proud———]
That they did not like war is evident from the reason assigned, of its *frighting* them; but why they should not like peace (and the reason of that too is assigned) will be very hard to conceive. Peace, he says, made them *proud*, by bringing with it an increase of wealth and power, for those are what make a people proud; but then those are what they *like* but too well, and so must needs *like peace* the parent of them. This being contrary to what the text says, we may be assured it is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote:

That likes not *peace, nor war?*———

i. e. whom neither peace nor war sits or agrees with, as making them either proud or cowardly. By this reading, *peace* and *war*, from being the accusatives to *likes*, become the nominatives. But the editors not understanding this construction, and seeing *likes* a verb singular, to *curs* a noun plural, which they supposed the nominative to it, would, in order to shew their skill in grammar, alter it to *like*; but *likes* for *pleases* was common with the writers of this time. So Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*:

"*What look* likes *you best?* WARBURTON.

That *to like* is *to please*, every one knows, but in that sense it

 is

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. [6] Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking [7]?

is as hard to say why peace should not *like* the people, as, in the other sense, why the people should not *like* peace. The truth is, that Coriolanus does not use the two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *Your virtue is,*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.———]
i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

[7] *What's their seeking?*] I believe Shakespeare wrote:
What is't they are seeking?
which from the similarity of sound might easily have been confounded with the present text. Had *seeking* been used substantively, the answer would have been, not—*for* corn—but *corn*.
MALONE.

Men.

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They ſay?
They'll ſit by the fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch, as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth [8],
And let me uſe my ſword, [9] I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance [1].

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em!
They ſaid, they were an-hungry; ſigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke ſtone walls; that, dogs muſt eat;—
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods ſent not

[8] —*their ruth.*] i. e. their pity, compaſſion. Fairfax and Spenſer often uſe the word. STEEVENS.

[9] —*I'd make a quarry*
With thouſands—]
Why a quarry? I ſuppoſe, not becauſe he would pile them ſquare, but becauſe he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:
"And like a *quarry* caſt them on the land." STEEVENS.

[1] —pitch *my lance.*] The old copy reads—*picke* my lance: and ſo the word is ſtill pronounced in Staffordſhire, where they ſay—*picke* me ſuch a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

Z 2 Corn

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break [2] the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——s' death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, [3] 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The

[2] —*the heart of* generosity,] To give the final blow to the *nobles. Generosity* is *high birth.* JOHNSON.

[3] '—*tis true, that you have lately told us;*
The Volces are in arms.]

Corio-

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on.—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone. [*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

Coriolanus had been but just told himself that *the Volces were in arms*. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces are now verified; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
[4] Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.——
[*Exeunt.*

Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to [5] gird the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. [6] The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too

[4] *Your valour puts well forth:*] That is, You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*to gird*——] To *sneer*, to *gibe*. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a* gird *at me*. JOHNSON.

[6] *The present wars devour him! he is grown*
Too proud to be so valiant.]
Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but that *the poet's meaning* must *certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with* pride, &c. According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakespeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, to: (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. But the Oxford editor alters it to,
Too proud of being *so valiant.*
and by that means takes away the reason the speaker gives for his cursing. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities*. To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*,

Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the buſineſs!

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Marcius, ſhall
[7] Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,

[illegible]*ur*, has this meaning. So, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* act IV. ſc. iv:

> But thou (the crown) moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
> *Haſt eat thy bearer up.*

He is grown too proud to be ſo valiant, may ſignify, his pride is ſuch as not to deſerve the accompanyment of ſo much valour. STEEVENS.

[7] *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *Demerits* had anciently the ſame meaning: So, in *Othello*:

> ——— and my *demerits*
> May ſpeak, &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolſey ſays to his ſervants, "——I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*." Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Epiſtle to T. Veſpaſian*, 1600: "—his *demerit* had been the greater to have continued his ſtory." STEEVENS.

[8] More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House in Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone [9],
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
They have press'd a power, but it is not known [Reading.
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly;

[8] *More than his singularity*, &c.] We will learn what he is to do, besides *going himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *'Tis not four days gone*,] i. e. four days *past*. STEEVENS.

To

To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almoſt, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commiſſion; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they ſet down before us, [1] for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your honours ſafe!

1 Sen. Farewel.

[1] ——for the *remove*
Bring up your army:——] The firſt part of this ſentence is without meaning. The general had told the ſenators that the Romans had *preſt a power*, which was on foot. To which the words in queſtion are the anſwer of a ſenator. And, to make them pertinent, we ſhould read them thus:
——'fore they *remove*
Bring up your army:——
i. e. Before that power, already on foot, be in motion, bring up your army; then he corrects himſelf, and ſays, but I believe you will find your intelligence groundleſs, the Romans are not yet prepared for us. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee the nonſenſe or impropriety of the old reading. Says the ſenator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garriſon Corioli.* If the Romans beſiege us, bring up your army *to remove them.* If any change ſhould be made, I would read:
—*for* their *remove.* JOHNSON.

2 *Sen.*

2 Sen. Farewel.
All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Caius Marcius' Houſe in Rome.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia: They ſit down on two low ſtools, and ſew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing; or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my ſon were my huſband, I ſhould freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings entreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I,—conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not ſtir,—was pleas'd to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I ſent him; from whence he return'd, his [2] brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely:—Had I a dozen ſons,—each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good

[2] *brows bound with oak:*] The crown given by the Romans to him that ſaved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

Mar-

Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.
Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
[3] Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria [4],
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

[3] *Than gilt his trophy*——] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. So, in *Hen.* V:
Our gayness and our *gilt*, are all besmirch'd.
STEEVENS.

[4] *At Grecian swords' contending. Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the editors of the first folio may be known from the manner in which they have given this line:
At Grecian sword. Contenning, *tell* Valeria. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Valeria, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it [5]!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam [6].

[5] mammock'd *it*.] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"That he were chop'd in *mammocks*, I could eat him." STEEVENS.

[6] *A* crack, *madam*.] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson:
"—— Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelesly, and capriciously."
Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:
"A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*."
Crack signifies a *boy child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the first of the following passages quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.
This word is used in the 2d part of *K. Hen.* IV: "—I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate when he was a *crack*, not this high."

Again,

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threſhold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes' abſence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; againſt whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are ſet down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars.

Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:
" *Lor.* The page hath perſuaded him ſince, that it was but a gullery.
" *Ang.* 'Tis a notable *crack.*" MALONE.

This

This is true, on mine honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, ſhe would:—Fare you well, then.—Come, good ſweet lady.—Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy ſolemnneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Meſſenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done,

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Meſ. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie theſe armies?

Meſ. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blaſt.

They

They found a parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No,[7] nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off;
[*Alarum, far off.*
There is Aufidius: liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction.—Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volces.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*

[7] —*nor a man that fears you* leſs *than he,*
That's leſſer than a little.——]
The ſenſe requires it to be read:
——*nor a man that fears you* more *than he;*
Or, more probably:
——*nor a man* but *fears you leſs than he,*
That's leſſer than a little.—— JOHNSON.

Re-enter

*Re-enter Marcius **.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.
[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,

* *Re-Enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *cursing.* STEEVENS.

Clapt

Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
[8] Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to [9] Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or [1] make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

[8] *Who, sensible, out-dares*——] The old editions read:
Who sensibly *out-dares*——
Thirlby reads:
Who, sensible, outdoes *his senseless sword*.
He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half his correction. JOHNSON.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293:
"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smart than the senselesse armour, &c."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——Cato's *wish:*——] In the old editions it was:
——Calvus' *wish:*——
Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.
THEOBALD.

[1] ——*make remain*——] Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.

SCENE V.

Within the town.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still, afar off.*

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do[2] prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:——
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;

[2] ——*prize their* honours] In the first edition it is,
——*prize their* hours.
I know not who corrected it. A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Yet the old reading is perhaps right, and may bear this sense. Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value.
So, in sir Tho. North's Translation of *Plutarch*:
" —he cried, it was no *time* now to looke after spoil, &c."
STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
  Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
  Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
  Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewel.
  Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—[2] Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;

[2] The *Roman gods,* &c.
That both our powers———
May give you thankful sacrifice!——]
This is an address and invocation to them, therefore we should read:
———Ye *Roman gods.* WARBURTON.

That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?
Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mes. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour[3],
And bring thy news so late?
Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flead? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,

[3] Confound *an hour,*] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—*to expend.* Conterere tempus. MALONE.

So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part I. act I. sc. iii:
He did *confound* the best part of an hour, &c.
STEEVENS.

More

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward[4].

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
[5] Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what side[6]

They

4 —*to* bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1610:
" Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to *bedward.*"
STEEVENS.

5 *Ransoming him, or* pitying,—] i. e. *remitting his ransom.*
JOHNSON.

6 —*on what side* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

 " Mar-

They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates [7],
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
[8] And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with [9] swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear

"Martius asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage." STEEVENS.

[7] ——Antiates] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading. "Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates*." STEEVENS.

[8] *And that you not* delay *the present*,——] *Delay*, for let slip. WARBURTON.

[9] ——*swords advanc'd*,——] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

Lesser

Lesser his person than an ill report [1];
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [*Waving his hand.*
[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. [2] Please you to march;
And

[1] Lesser *his person than an ill report*;] The old copy has *lessen*; I suspect the authour wrote:

Less in his person than *in* ill report. MALONE.

[2] ——*Please you to march*,
And four *shall quickly draw out my command*,
Which men are best inclin'd.]

I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd*? How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four* that should select them? Perhaps, we may read:

————*Please you to march*;
And fear *shall quickly draw out* of *my command*,
Which men are least *inclin'd*.

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.

The Author [redacted] thinks the poet wrote:

"And *so I* shall quickly draw out." &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of

And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd,

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the ports [3] be guarded: Keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

of Shakespeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the cittie." STEEVENS.

If we should read *forth* instead of *four*, *forth* cannot signify *forthwith*, but *advancing forward*.

Something like this expression occurs in *K. Richard* III:

Are you *drawn forth* [illegible] a world of men.

TOLLET.

[3] —*the* ports] i. e. the gates. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Marcius, and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a ſerpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the higheſt.
Auf. [4] Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me here.—

[*Here they fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathleſs.*

[4] *Wert thou the Hector,*
That was the whip *of your bragg'd progeny,*] The Romans boaſted themſelves deſcended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny?* It muſt mean the whip with which the Trojans ſcourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unuſual conſtruction, or the authour muſt have forgotten the original of the Romans; unleſs *whip* has ſome meaning which includes *advantage* or *ſuperiority*, as we ſay, *he has the whip hand*, for *he has the* advantage. JOHNSON.

Schoolboys at this day uſe a ſimilar expreſſion:—
"He is the *crack* of the ſchool." MALONE.

Offi-

Officious, and not valiant!—[5] you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds. [*Exeunt fighting.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A retreat is ſounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a ſcarf, &c.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee [6] o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,

5 ———*you have ſham'd me*
In your condemned *ſeconds.*]
For *condemned*, we may read *contemned.* You have, to my ſhame, ſent me help *which I deſpiſe.* JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my ſhame, ſent me help, which I muſt* condemn *as intruſive, inſtead of applauding it as neceſſary?* STEEVENS.

6 *If I ſhould tell thee* &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch:* "There the conſul Cominius going vp to his chayer of ſtate, in the preſence of the whole armie, gaue thankes to the goddes for ſo great, glorious, and proſperous a victorie: then he ſpake to Martius, whoſe valliantneſ he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him ſelfe ſawe him doe with his eyes, as alſo for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he ſhould chooſe out of all the horſes they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great ſtore) tenne of euery ſorte which he liked beſt, before any diſtribution ſhould be made to other. Beſides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in teſtimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes aboue all other, a goodly horſe with a capparifon, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marueiouſly praiſe and commend. But Martius ſtepping forth, told the conſul, he moſt thanckfully accepted the gifte of his horſe, and was a glad man beſides, that his ſeruice had deſerued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other ſouldiers." STEEVENS.

Where

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
[7] And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
[8] Here is the steed, we the caparisons!
Had'st thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has [9] a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,

[7] *And, gladly quak'd,*——] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.

To *quake* is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"——We'll *quake* them at that bar
"Where all souls wait for sentence." STEEVENS.

[8] *Here is the steed, we the caparisons!*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only fill'd up the show.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*a charter to extol*——] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

Which,

Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

Com. [1] Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore) of all
The treaſure, in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it;
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry,* Marcius! Marcius! *caſt up their caps and lances: Cominius, and Lartius, ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane,
Never ſound more! [2] When drums and trumpets ſhall
I'th'

[1] *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*When drums and trumpets ſhall* &c.] In the old copy;

——— *when drums and trumpets ſhall,*
I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and *cities*
Be made all *of falſe-fac'd ſoothing.*
When ſteel grows ſoft as the paraſite's ſilk,
Let him be made an overture for [illegible]

All here is miſerably corrupt and disjointed. We ſhould read the whole thus:

——— *when drums and trumpets ſhall,*
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as *cities,*
Be made of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let hymns *be made*
An overture for the wars! ———

The

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!—No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many elſe have done,—you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes ſauc'd with lyes.

Com. Too modeſt are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,

The thought is this, If one thing changes its uſual nature to a thing moſt oppoſite, there is no reaſon but that all the reſt which depend on it ſhould do ſo too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the falſe face of the city.] And if another changes its uſual nature, that its oppoſite ſhould do ſo too. [When ſteel ſoftens to the condition of the paraſite's ſilk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion ſhould be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the firſt inſtance, the thought, in the common reading was entirely loſt by putting in *courts* for *camps*: and the latter miſerably involved in nonſenſe by blundering *hymns* into *him*. WARBURTON.

The firſt part of the paſſage has been altered, in my opinion, unneceſſarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not ſo happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to conſider, inſtead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he ſubſtitutes *hymns*; which perhap may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the ſentence. I would propoſe an alteration of two words:

"——when ſteel grows
"Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let *this* [i. e. ſilk] be made
"A *coverture* for the wars!"

The ſenſe will then be apt and complete. 'When ſteel grows ſoft as ſilk, let armour be made of ſilk inſtead of ſteel. TYRWHITT.

It ſhould be remembered, that the perſonal *him*, is not unfrequently uſed by our author, and other writers of his age, inſtead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its muſical ſenſe, is not ſo ancient as the age of Shakeſpeare. What Martial has ſaid of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's propoſed emendation:——

Si non erraſſet, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

If

If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did [3] before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus [4].—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
[5] To undercrest your good addition,
[6] To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

[3] *For what he did* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valliant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination." STEEVENS.

[4] The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

[5] *To* undercrest *your good* addition,] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

[6] *To the* fairness *of my power.*] *Fairness*, for *utmost*. WARBURTON.

I know not how *fairness* can mean *utmost*. When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair*; *fairness* may therefore be *equality*; *in proportion equal to my power.* JOHNSON.

To

To Rome of our ſucceſs.—You, Titus Lartius,
Muſt to Corioli back: ſend us to Rome
[7] The beſt, with whom we may articulate [8],
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I ſhall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I ſometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's houſe [9]; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I ſaw him priſoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

7 *The beſt*——] The *chief* men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

8 ——*with whom we may* articulate,] i. e. *enter into articles.* This word occurs again in *Hen.* IV:

"Indeed theſe things you have *articulated.*"

i. e. ſet down *article by article.* So, in Holinſhed's *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 163: "The earl of Deſmond's treaſons *articulated.*" STEEVENS.

9 *At a poor man's houſe*;] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "Only this grace (ſaid he) I craue, and beſeeche you to grant me. Among the Volſces there is an olde friende and hoſte of [illegible] man, and now a priſoner, who liuing before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore priſoner in the [illegible]es of his enemies: and yet notwithſtanding all this his miſerie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleaſure if I could ſaue him from this one daunger; to keepe him from being ſolde as a ſlaue." STEEVENS.

The

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
[1] Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Fives times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, [2] I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

[1] *Being a* Volcian, &c.] It may be just observed, that Shakespeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination. I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:

"*Being a* Volce, *be that I am. Condition!*" JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*I'll* potch *at him some way*,] The *Revisal* reads *pouch*, but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*. STEEVENS.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *potch* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." TOLLET.

Sol.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: My valour's poi-
ſon'd [3],
With only ſuffering ſtain by him; [4] for him
Shall flie out of itſelf: [5] nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, ſhall lift up

[3] *My valour's poiſon'd,*] The conſtruction of this paſſage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

——*my* valour, *poiſon'd*
With only ſuffering ſtain by him, for him
Shall flie out of itſelf. TYRWHITT.

[4] ——*for him*
Shall flie out of itſelf: ——]

To miſchief him, my valour ſhould *deviate from* its own native generoſity. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*nor ſleep nor ſanctuary,* &c.
Embarquements *all of fury,* &c.]

The dramatick art of this ſpeech is great. For after Aufidius had ſo generouſly received Coriolanus in exile, nothing but the memory of this ſpeech, which lets one ſo well into Aufidius's nature, could make his after-perfidy and baſeneſs at all probable. But the ſecond line of this impious rant is corrupt. For though, indeed, he might call the *aſſaulting* Marcius at any of thoſe ſacred ſeaſons and places an *embarkment* of fury; yet he could not call the *ſeaſons and places themſelves;* ſo. We may believe therefore that Shakeſpeare wrote:

Embarrments *all of fury,* &c.

i. e. obſtacles. Though thoſe ſeaſons and places are all obſtacles to my fury, yet, &c. The Oxford editor has, in his uſual way, refined upon this emendation, in order to make it his own; and ſo reads, *embankments,* not conſidering how ill this metaphor agrees with what is ſaid juſt after of their—lifting *up their* rotten *privilege,* which evidently refers to a wooden *bar,* not to an earthen *bank.* Theſe two generals are drawn equally covetous of glory; But the Volſcian not ſcrupulous about the means. And his immediate repentance, after the aſſaſſinate, well agrees with ſuch a character. WARBURTON.

The conteſted word, in the old copy, is ſpelt *embarquements,* and, as Cotgrave ſays, meant not only an *embarkation,* but an *embargoing. The rotten privilege and cuſtom* that follow, ſeem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough ſtand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment.*

STEEVENS.

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
[6] At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills [7]) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to night.

[6] *At home*, upon my brother's guard,—] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

[7] (*'Tis south the city* mills)] But where could Shakespeare have heard of these *mills* at Antium? I believe we should read,
(*'Tis south the city* a mile.)
The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakespeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Bru.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. [8] Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for

[8] *Pray you*, &c.] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

 your

your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes [8] towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: [9] one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversly, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your [1] bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

[8] *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

[9] *one that converses more* &c.] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

[1] bisson *conspectuities,*] *Bisson,* blind, in the old copies, is *beesome,* restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Come, ſir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: [2] you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller; and then rejourn the controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; [3] ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are. When you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be entomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince Deucalion; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worſhips: more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the [4] herdſmen of the

[2] *you wear out a good* &c.] It appears from this whole ſpeech that Shakeſpeare miſtook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

[3] *ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience,*] That is, declare war againſt patience. There is not wit enough in this ſatire to recompenſe its groſſneſs. JOHNSON.

[4] *herdſmen of plebeians.*] As kings are called ποίμενες λαῶν. JOHNSON.

beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, lets go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. [6] Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:— Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night:— A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Ga-

[6] *Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:*——] Though Menenius is made a prater and a boon companion, yet it was not the design of the poet to have him prophane, and *bid Jupiter take his cap*. Shakespeare's thought is very different from what his editors dreamed of. He wrote:

Take my cup, *Jupiter.*———

i. e. I will go offer a *libation* to thee, for this good news: which was the custom of that time. There is a pleasantry, indeed, in his way of expressing it, very agreeable to his convivial character. But the editors, not knowing the use of this *cup*, altered it to *cap*. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

len is but empiric [7], and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: 'an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate [8] possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall

7 ——*is but empiric,*] The old copy reads—is but empirick *qutique*—of which the reader must make what he can. STEEVENS.

8 *possess'd of this?*] *Possess'd*, in our authour's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

ſtand for his place. [9] He receiv'd in the repulſe of Tarquin, ſeven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh;—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets.

[*A ſhout, and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of Marcius: before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy army doth lie;
[1] Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius the general, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland, with captains and ſoldiers, and a herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; theſe
In honour follows, Coriolanus [2]:—

[9] *He receiv'd in the repulſe of Tarquin,* ſeven *hurts i' the body.*
Men. One *i' the neck, and* two *i' the thigh: there's* nine *that I know.*] Seven,—one,—and two, and theſe make but nine? Surely, we may ſafely aſſiſt Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a ſtupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reaſon for the cauſe of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to omit the ſecond *one*, as a needleſs repetition of the firſt, and to make a numeral word of *too*.

WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me ſee; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay I am ſure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.

[1] *Which being advanc'd, declines,*———Volumnia, in her boaſting ſtrain, ſays, that her ſon to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*Coriolanus.*] The old copy. *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*

STEEVENS.

Wel-

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
[*Sound. Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——

Cor. [3] My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st

[3] *My gracious silence, hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shews it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime, and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw

"*Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!*
"*Their cadence is rhetorical.*"

Again, in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*A lady's tears are silent orators,*
"*Or should be so at least, to move beyond*
"*The honey-tongued rhetorician.*"

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

"*Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!*
"*Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!*
"*Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,*
"*More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!*"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*

"You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning of *my gracious silence* is only *thou whose silence is so* graceful *and becoming. Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*

"But being season'd with a *gracious* voice."

Again,

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right[4].

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"'Tis not the difference of a year or two
"Makes me less *gracious*, or thee more fortunate."
Again, in *King John:*
"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."
Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part II:
"Live *gracious* youth to close thy mother's eyes."
Again, in *Lingua*, 1607:
"But all their speeches were so equal wrought,
"And alike *gracious*." MALONE.

[4] Com. *Ever right.*
Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.*]
Rather, I think:
Com. *Ever right Menenius.*
Cor. *Ever, ever.* TYRWHITT.

Cor.

Cor. Your hand, and yours :
[*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited ;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
[5] But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have liv'd
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And the buildings of my fancy :
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will caſt upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in ſtate, as before.*

Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him : Your pratling nurſe
[6] Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him : the kitchen malkin [7] pins
Her

[5] *But, with them*, change *of honours.*] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expreſſes it) *to ſubſtitute*, charge. For *change*, he thinks, *is a very poor expreſſion, and communicates but a very poor idea.* He had better have told the plain truth, and confeſſed that it *communicated* none at all to him: However it has a very good one in itſelf; and ſignifies *variety of honours*; as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, ſignified *variety of rayment*. WARBURTON.

[6] *Into a rapture*——] *Rapture*, a common term at that time uſed for a fit, ſimply. So, *to be rap'd*, ſignified, *to be in a fit.* WARBURTON.

[7] *A* maukin *or* malkin] A kind of mop made of clouts for the uſe of ſweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dreſſed up: thence a dirty wench. *Maukin* in ſome parts of England ſignifies a figure of clouts ſet up to fright birds in gardens, a ſcarecrow. P.

So,

Her richest lockram [8] 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: [9] seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
[1] Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their

So, in the *Bride*, a comedy by Nabbes, 1640:
"——you *malkin* of suburb authority, set up only to fright crows from the carrion of the commonwealth."
After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:
"Put on the shape of order and humanity,
"Or you must marry *Malkyn the May-Lady*."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Her richest lockram*, &c.] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says:
"His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue."
Again, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says:
"I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,
"That there be no strait dealings in their linnens."
Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:
"Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,
"I had no wit."
Again, in the *Northern Lass*, by Brome, 1633:
"——let all the good you intended me, be a *lockram* coif, a blue gown, and a clean whip." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*seld-shown flamens*] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:
"O *seld-seen* metamorphosis."
The same adverb occurs in the old play of *Hieronimo:*
"Why is not this a strange and *seld*-seen thing?
Seld is often used by antient writers for *seldom*. So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:
"So that we *seld* are *seen* as wisdom would." STEEVENS.

[1] *Commit the war of white and damask,
Their nicely gawded cheeks,*——]

This

Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
[2] As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
[3] From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.

This commixture of *white* and *red* could not, by any figure of speech be called a *war*, because it is the *agreement* and *union* of the colours that make the beauty. We should read:

——*the* ware *of white and damask*——

i. e. the commodity, the merchandize. WARBURTON.

Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakespeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece:*
"The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,
"Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."
Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew:*
"Such *war* of white and red, &c."
Again, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1040:
"For with the rose colour *strof* hire hewe."
Again, in *Damætas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"Amidst her cheek the rose and lilly *strive.*"
[Ag]ain, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*
"——the lillies
"*Contending with the roses* in her cheek." STEEVENS.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:
"——her cheeks,
"Where roses mix: no civill war
"Between her York and Lancaster." FARMER.

[2] *As if that whatsoever god,*——] That is, *as if that god who leads him*, *whatsoever* god he be. JOHNSON.

[3] *From where he should begin, and end;*——] Perhaps it should be read:

From where he should begin t'an end.—— JOHNSON.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
[4] As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture [5] of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's [6],
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,

[4] *As he is* proud *to do't.*] I should rather think the author wrote *prone*: because the common reading is scarce sense or English. WARBURTON.

Proud to do, is the same as, *proud of doing*, very plain sense, and very common English. JOHNSON.

[5] *The* napless *vesture*] The players read—the *Naples*,—— STEEVENS.

[6] *It shall be to him then, as our good* wills,
A sure destruction.]
This should be written *will's* for *will is*. TYRWHITT.

In

In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand [7]
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire [8]
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,

[7] ——*their* provand] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "——the *provaunte* was cut off, and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke." Again: "The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again, in *Sir Walter Raleigh's Works*, 1751, Vol. II. p. 229. Again, in Hakevil *on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect. 1: "—At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold, that the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided with hatchets, &c." Again, in *Pasquil's Nightcap*, &c. 1623:

"Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,
"Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, provender. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the* fire.] The folio reads—*his* fire—Perhaps we should read—*as* fire. MALONE.

As to Jove's ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower, and thunder, with their caps, and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And [9] carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions [1].

1 *Off.* Come come, they are almoſt here: How many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore: ſo that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition; and, out of his noble careleſſneſs, lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, [2] he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he ſeeks their hate with

[9] ——*carry with us ears and eyes,* &c.] That is, let us obſerve what paſſes, but keep our hearts fixed on our deſign of cruſhing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

[1] *Enter two officers,* &c.] The old copy reads: "Enter two officers to lay cuſhions, *as it were,* in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

[2] *he wav'd*] That is, *he would wave indifferently.* JOHNSON.

greater

greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been [3] supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Offi.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus, as Tribunes, take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire

[3] *supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted,*] The sense, I think, requires that we should read, *unbonnetted.* Who have risen only by *pulling off their hats* to the people. *Bonnetted* may relate to *people*, but not without harshness. JOHNSON.

Bonneter, Fr. is to pull off one's cap, therefore there is no occasion to read un*bonnetted.* See Cotgrave.
The old copy reads—who *having* been —— STEEVENS.

The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
[4] Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
[5] The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. [6] That's off, that's off;

[4] *Your loving motion toward the common body,*] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

[5] *The theme of our assembly.*] Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors, but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your* assembly. For till the *Lex Attinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiæ Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus,) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house. WARBURTON.

Had Shakespeare been as learned as his commentator, he could not have conducted this scene otherwise than as it stands. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius was necessary; and how was our author to have exhibited the outside and inside of the senate house at one and the same instant? STEEVENS.

[6] *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNSON.

I would

I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not [7]: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn [8] how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,

[7] *You* sooth *not*, *therefore hurt not.*] The old copy reads:
You sooth'd not———
I think rightly.—You *did not* flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *hurted.*
MALONE.

[8] ——— *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
[9] When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin [1] he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene [2],
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland [3]. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before

[9] *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*——] When Tarquin who had been expelled, *raised a power* to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*his Amazonian chin*——] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

[2] *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakespeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

[3] *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*] Ben Jonson has the same expression in the *Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*" STEEVENS.

A vef-

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem [4]: his sword (death's stamp [5])
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose [6] every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
[7] The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny [8]; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

[4] *And fell below his* stern.——] We should read, according to the old copy:

——*his* stem.——

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil:*

"Orontes' bark——
"From *stem* to *stern* by waves was over-borne."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*His sword, death's stamp,*
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries.]

This passage should be pointed thus:

——His sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*every motion*
Was tim'd with dying cries.——]

The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

[7] *The mortal gate*——] The gate that was made the scene of death. JOHNSON.

[8] *With shunless* destiny:] The second folio reads, whether by accident or choice:

With shunless *defamy.*

Defamie is an old French word signifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.

'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* [9] He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
[1] Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; [2] and is content
To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

[9] *He cannot but with measure fit the honours,*] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

[1] *Than* misery *itself would give*;——] *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies an avaricious. WARBURTON.

[2] Com. ——— ——*and is content*
To spend his time to end it.
Men. *He's right noble.*

The last words of Cominius's speech are altogether unintelligible. Shakespeare, I suppose, wrote the passage thus:

———*and is content*
To spend his time———
Men. *To end it, he's right noble.*

Cominius, in his last words, was entering upon a new topic in praise of Coriolanus; when his warm friend Menenius, impatient to come to the subject of the honours designed him, interrupts Cominius, and takes him short with,—*to end it*, i. e. to end this long discourse in one word, *he's right noble.—Let him be called for,* This is exactly in character, and restores the passage to sense. WARBURTON.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our authour wrote thus:

———he *rewards*
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time, to spend *it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. [3] It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

[3] *It then remains,*
That you do speak to the people.] Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if he makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general.
WARBURTON.

Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Shew them the unaking ſcars, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not ſtand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe to them;—and to our noble conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flouriſh cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* * Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

* *Once,*] *Once* here means the ſame as when we ſay, *once for all.* WARBURTON.

This uſe of the word *once* is found in the *Suppoſes* by Gaſcoigne:

"*Once,* twenty-four ducattes he coſt me." FARMER.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* We may, ſir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* [5] We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them; ſo, if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once, when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us—the [6] many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn [7], ſome bald, but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd: and truly, I think, [8] if all our wits were to

[5] *We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:*] I am perſuaded this was intended as a ridicule on the Auguſtine manner of defining *free-will* at that time in the ſchools. WARBURTON.

A ridicule may be intended, but the ſenſe is clear enough. *Power* firſt ſignifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has uſed the ſame word with great variety of meaning:

Uſe all thy powers *that heavenly* power *to praiſe,*
That gave thee power *to do.*——— JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare could not mean to ridicule a circumſtance of which it was hardly poſſible for him to have the leaſt knowledge. He ſpent his time better than in reading ſcholaſtic traſh. See the *Revisal*, p. 416. STEEVENS.

[6] *many-headed multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed* monſter, but without neceſſity. To be *many-headed* includes *monſtrouſneſs*. JOHNSON.

[7] *ſome* auburn,] The folio reads, *ſome* Abram. I ſhould unwillingly ſuppoſe this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

[8] *if all our wits were to iſſue out of* one ſcull, &c.] Meaning, though our having but one intereſt was moſt apparent, yet our wiſhes and projects would be infinitely diſcordant. This meaning

to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their conſent of one direct way ſhould be at once to all the points o' the compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe itſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, [9] the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus, and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars; wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

ing the Oxford editor has totally diſcharged, by changing the text thus,——— *iſſue out of* our *ſculls*. WARBURTON.

[9] *the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.*] A ſly ſatirical inſinuation how ſmall a capacity of wit is neceſſary for that purpoſe. But every day's experience of the ſe[illegible]prudent diſpoſal of themſelves, may be ſufficient to inform us how unjuſt it is. WARBURTON.

All.

All. Content, content.

Men. O sir, you are not right; Have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,——Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:— Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire[1].

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

[1] not *mine own desire.*] The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without.* STEEVENS.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There's in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully

to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. [2] I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
[3] Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,

To

[2] *I will not* seal *your knowledge*] I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

[3] *Why———should I stand here,*
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless voucher?———]

Why stand I here in this ragged apparel to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their *unnecessary votes*. I rather think we should read:

Their needless vouches.

But *voucher* may serve, as it may perhaps signify either the act or the agent. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

Their needless vouches. STEEVENS.

——*this woolvish* gown] Signifies this *rough hirsute* gown.
JOHNSON.

I own I was surprized, on consulting the old copy, to find the passage printed thus:

"Why in this woolvish *tongue*."

Mr. Rowe received *gown* from the second folio, and has been followed (perhaps without necessity) by all the editors.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's cloathing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I could wish to treat with my usual ferocity?* We may perhaps more distinctly read:

——with

To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six [4]
I have

——*with* this woolvish tongue,

unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Shakespeare, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in "A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who "caste unto him a husbande mans gowne, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Than cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, (if *gown* be the true reading) Shakespeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress of a Roman candidate* to the *coarse frock of a ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Why in this wolvish tongue.] The old copy's reading *in* and not *with* shews that *tongue* was, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, an errour of the press for *toge*. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we meet "the *tongued* consuls," instead of *toged* consuls. MALONE.

[4] Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

——battles

I have ſeen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be conſul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—God ſave thee, noble conſul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, ſir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do; and, knowing myſelf again,
Repair to the ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*

———battles thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

He

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you diſmiſs the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, ſir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, ſir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he had wounds, which he could ſhew in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be conſul, ſays he: [4] *aged cuſtom*,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices*,—*thank you*,—
Your moſt ſweet voices:—*now you have left your voices*,
I have nothing further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you [5] ignorant to ſee't?
Or,

[4] ———*aged cuſtom*,] This was a ſtrange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the conſular government: for Coriolanus was baniſhed the eighteenth year after the expulſion of the kings. WARBURTON.

[5] ———ignorant *to ſee't?*] The Oxford editor alters *ignorant* to

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving [6]
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

to *impotent*, not knowing that *ignorant* at that time signified *impotent*. WARBURTON.

That *ignorant* at any time has, otherwise than consequentially, the same meaning with *impotent*, I do not know. It has no such meaning in this place. *Were you* ignorant *to see it*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*arriving*
A place of potency,
Thus the old copy, and rightly. So in the third part of *K. Henry* VI, act V. sc. iii:
"——those powers that the queen
"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd our coast*.
STEEVENS.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in [7] free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues [8]?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: [9] Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance [1],

[7] —*free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

[8] *Your su'd-for tongues?*] Your tongues that have been hitherto solicited. STEEVENS.

[9] —*Enforce his pride,*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

[1] —*his present* portance.] *i. e.* carriage. So, in *Othello:*
"And *portance* in my travels' history." STEEVENS.

Which

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[2] And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
[3] Was his great ancestor.

Sic.

[2] *And Censorinus, darling of the people,*] This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. Pope.

[3] *And Censorinus—*
Was his great ancestor.]
Now the first censor was created U.C. 314; and Coriolanus was banished U.C. 262. The truth is this, the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
[4] Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both [5] observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

have in the first part of *Henry* IV. where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas—————

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Archimbald, earl Douglas*, &c. And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

[4] *Scaling his present bearing with his past*, That is, *weighing* his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

[5] —————*observe and answer*
The vantage of his anger.]

Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To Lartius.*

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do [6] prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, [7] why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—

[6] ———prank *them in authority,*] *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. JOHNSON.

[7] ———*why rule you not their* teeth?] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

Suf-

Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince [8]?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. [9] Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be conſul? By yon clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the people ſtir: If you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a conſul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—[1] This pal-
t'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
De-

[8] ——*ſince.*] The old copy——*ſithence.* STEEVENS.

[9] ———*Not unlike,*
Each way, to better yours.]
i. e. likely to provide better for the ſecurity of the commonwealth than you (whoſe *buſineſs* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:
Why then ſhould I be conſul?
Yet the reſtleſs humour of reformation in the Oxford editor diſturbs the text to,
———*better you.* WARBURTON.

[1] ——*This palt'ring*
Becomes not Rome;——]
That is, this trick of diſſimulation, this ſhuffling.

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid [3] falsly
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;——
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them [4]
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
[5] The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels *,

And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter *with us in a double sense.* Macbeth. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*laid falsly*] *Falsly* for *treacherously*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*let them*
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves:——]
Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

[5] *The* cockle *of rebellion,*——] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people, &c." STEEVENS.

* —— *meazels*,] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a *leper*. The same word frequently occurs in the *London Prodigal*. STEEVENS.

Which

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the [6] minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?*

Com. [7] 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*
O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave [8], but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
[9] The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,

[6] ——*minnows?*——] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.
A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink.* JOHNSON.

[7] *'Twas from the canon.*] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

[8] *O gods!—but most unwise patricians, why*
You grave, &c.]
Thus the old copy. Succeeding editors had altered it:
O good, *but most unwise*, &c.
When the only authentic copy affords sense, why should we depart from it? STEEVENS.

[9] *The horn and noise*——] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

Then

[1] Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. [2] You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: [3] and my soul akes,

[1] *Then vail your* ignorance;——] *Ignorance* for impotence; because it makes impotent. The Oxford editor not understanding this, transposes the whole sentence according to what in his fancy is accuracy. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's transposition deserves notice.

——If they have power,
Let them have cushions by you; if none, awake
Your dang'rous lenity; if you are learned,
Be not as common fools, if you are not,
Then vail your ignorance. You are Plebeians, &c.

I neither think the transposition of one editor right, nor the interpretation of the other. The sense is plain enough without supposing *ignorance* to have any remote or consequential sense. *If this man has power, let the* ignorance *that gave it him* vail *or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

[2] *—You are plebeians,*
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.——]

These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction:

——they no less [than senators],
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Must palate *theirs.*

When the *taste* of the *great*, the patricians, must *palate*, must *please* [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*and my soul akes*] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.

To

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel[4], to give forth
The corn o'the store house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Græce,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,

[4] *Whoever gave that counsel,* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and persuaded that the corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in cities of Græce, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrowe of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their seruice past, sithence they know well enough they haue so often refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue receyued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather iudge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still growe worse and worse: and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembred in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer vs againe to be vnited into one bodie." STEEVENS.

More

More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
[5]They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, [6] could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. [7] No, take more:

What

[5] *They would not* thread *the gates;*——] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*could never be the* native] *Native* for natural birth. WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth*. But I would read *motive*, which, without any distortion of its meaning, suits the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

[7] *No, take more:*
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!——]

The false pointing hath made this unintelligible. It should be read and pointed thus:

No, take more;
What may be sworn by. Both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!——

i. e. No, I will still proceed, and the truth of what I shall say may be

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: [8] purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
[9] That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body [1] with a dangerous physic,
That's

be sworn to. And may both divine and human powers, [i. e. the gods of Rome and the senate] confirm and support my conclusion. WARBURTON.

8 ——*purpose so barr'd, it follows,*
Nothing is done to purpose,——]
This is so like Polonius's eloquence, and so much unlike the rest of Coriolanus's language, that I am apt to think it spurious. WARBURTON.

9 *That love the fundamental part of state,*
More than you doubt the change of't;——]
i. e. Who are so wedded to accustomed forms in the administration, that in your care for the preservation of those, you overlook the danger the constitution incurs by strictly adhering to them. This the speaker, in vindication of his conduct, artfully represents to be his case; yet this pertinent observation, the Oxford editor, with one happy dash of his pen, in amending *doubt* to *do*, entirely abolishes. WARBURTON.

To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrours; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

1 *To* jump *a body*—] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read: *To* vamp——

To *jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.*

So,

That's ſure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon: Your diſhonour
[2] Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity [3] which ſhould become it;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has ſaid enough.

Sic. He has ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpight o'erwhelm thee!—
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, [4] it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i' the duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon.

Sic. This a conſul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

So, in Phil. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219: "*If we looke for good ſucceſſe in our cure by miniſtring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a jumpe*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

[2] *Mangles true* judgment,——] *Judgment* for government. WARBURTON.

Judgment is *judgment* in its common ſenſe, or the faculty by which right is diſtinguiſhed from wrong. JOHNSON.

[3] ————*which ſhould* become it;] *Become*, for adorn. WARBURTON.

Integrity is in this place *ſoundneſs*, uniformity, conſiſtency, in the ſame ſenſe as Dr. Warburton often uſes it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *ſuit*, to *beſit*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*it muſt be* meet,] Hanmer reads:
————*it muſt be* law.
And Dr. Warburton follows him, ſurely without neceſſity. JOHNSON.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
All. We'll ſurety him.
Com. Aged ſir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments [5].
Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter Brutus, with a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, ædiles.
All. Down with him, down with him!
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about Coriolanus.*
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
All. Peace, peace, peace; ſtay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near; I cannot ſpeak:—You, tribunes
To the people [6],—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

[5] ———*ſhake thy bones*
Out of thy garments.]
So, in *K. John*:
"———here's a ſtay
"That *ſhakes the rotten carcaſe* of old death
"*Out of his rags!*" STEEVENS.

[6] *To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:*] I would read:
Speak *to the people.* *Coriolanus, patience:—*
Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Sic. Hear me, people;——Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:——Peace. Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are [7] very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

[*Coriolanus draws his sword.*

Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

All. Down with him, down with him! [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

[8] *Cor.* Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are
Though in Rome litter'd;) not Romans, (as they are not,

[7] ——*very poisonous,*] I read:
——*are very* poisons. JOHNSON.

[8] Com. *Stand fast,* &c.] This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after:
Come, sir, along with us. WARBURTON.

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be
gone [9].

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
[1] One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return [2]? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, and Cominius.*

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

[9] Men.] *I would they were barbarians (as they are*
Though in Rome litter'd;) not Romans (as they are not,
Tho' calv'd i' the porch o' the capitol.)—Begone, &c.
The beginning of this speech, I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only, belongs to Menenius:
————*Begone.*
Put not your worthy rage, &c. TYRWHITT.
I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEEVENS.

[1] *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time*: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

[2] *Before the tag return,*——] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

He

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!——What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus, and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. [1] Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With

[1] *Do not cry havock,* ——] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.]

To cry havock, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *K. John:*

"—Cry

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

"———*Cry havock*, kings."

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Cry *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war."

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in the *Ordinances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

"Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la test coupe."

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

"Item qe nul soit si hardy *de toucher* le corps de nostre Seigneur, *ni le vessel en quel il est*, sur peyne d'estre trainez & pendu, et le teste avoir coupe." M.S. *Cotton.* Nero D. VI.

TYRWHITT.

S.

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. [4] This is clean kam.

Bru. Meerly awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

[5] *Men.* The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

[4] *This is clean* kam.] i.e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Camocks* must be bowed with sleight not strength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled." STEEVENS.

[5] Men. *The service of the foot* &c.] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. WARBURTON.

I have restor'd it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at the conclusion of the speech. STEEVENS.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come—

Men. Consider this;—He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning [6].

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

6 ——*the end of it*
Unknown to the beginning.]
So, in the *Tempest*, act II. sc. 1:
"The latter end of his commonwealth forgets its beginning." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. [7] I muſe, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy or ſell with groats; to ſhew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of [8] my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you;
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo: Leſſer had been

[7] *I muſe,*——] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loſs.* JOHNSON.
[8] ——*my ordinance*——] My *rank.* JOHNSON.

The thwartings of your diſpoſitions [9], if
You had not ſhew'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough;
You muſt return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy;
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
[1] Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute;

[9] *The* thwartings of *your diſpoſitions,*——] The folio reads:
The things of *your diſpoſitions,*——
Mr. Rowe made the alteration, which I have followed, as my predeceſſors had done, though without diſtinguiſhing it to the reader. STEEVENS.

[1] *Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the* heart——] This nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd,
i. e. the people. WARBURTON.

Though

Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak [2], I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. [3] Why force you this?

Vol. Because,
That now it lies you on to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words
That are but roated in your tongue, but [4] bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,

[2] *But when extremities speak. I have heard,* &c.] Should not this passage be pointed thus?

——*You can never be too noble.*
But when extremities speak, I have heard, &c. MALONE.

[3] *Why force you*——] Why *urge* you. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*bastards, and syllables*
Of no allowance, *to your bosom's truth.*]

I read:
Of no alliance,——
therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right, established rank,* or *settled authority*. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*Though* but bastards, &c.

Allowance is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, act II. sc. i:
"——his pilot
"Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*." STEEVENS.

Which

Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: [5] I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew [6] our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what [7] that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
[8] Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) [9] waving thy head,
With

[5] *—I am in this*
Your wife, your son: the senators, the nobles.——
And you, &c.]
The pointing of the printed copies makes stark nonsense of this passage. Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate, and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their* condition, I am *at stake*, together with *your wife, your son.* JOHNSON.

[6] *—our general lowts,*] Our *common clowns.* JOHNSON.

[7] *—that want—*] The *want* of their loves. JOHNSON.

[8] *Not what—*] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only.* JOHNSON.

[9] *——waving thy* head,
Which often, *thus, correcting thy stout heart,*]
But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words,

Which

With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry [1],
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:

Which often thus, &c? These questions are sufficient to shew that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

———*waving thy* hand,
Which soften *thus*, *correcting thy stout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action suiting the occasion: Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus,—then strike upon thy breast, and by that action shew the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper. WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the authour's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

———*waving thy head*,
With *often*, *thus*, *correcting thy stout heart.*

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet:*

"*And thrice his* head waving *thus, up and down.*" STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus:

——waving thy head,
(Which *humble* thus;) correcting thy stout heart,
Now *soften'd* as the ripest mulberry. TYRWHITT.

[1] —*humble as the ripest mulberry,*] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than *mulberries.*

Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μόρων. MUSGRAVE.

For

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go shew them [2] my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,

With

[2] —*my unbarb'd sconce?*—] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

Unbarbed, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"*Grim.* —you are so clean a young man.
"*Row.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?
"*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.
"*Row.* I know him not, is he a deaft *barber*?"

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn.
So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XIII:
"The lab'ring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds."
Again, in the *Malcontent*, by Marston:
"The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field."
Unbarbed may, however, bear the signification which the late

Mr.

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this [3] single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:——
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
[4] Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
[5] Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease [6] to honour mine own truth,

Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy* speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says:
"*Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*single* plot——] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARBURTON.

[4] *Which quired with my drum*,——] Which *played in concert* with my drum. JOHNSON.

[5] *Tent in my cheeks*;——] To *tent* is *to take up residence*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*to honour mine own truth*,]
Πάντων δὲ μάλιστ' αἰσχύνεο σαυτόν. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

And,

And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; [7] let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit Volumnia.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.— [*Exeunt.*

7 ———*let*
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;——]
This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, *Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the* utmost *extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.* JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the ſpoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er diſtributed.—What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they hear me ſay, *It ſhall be ſo,*
I' the right and ſtrength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment, then let them,
If I ſay, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power [8] i' the truth o' the cauſe.
Æd. I ſhall inform them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,

[8] ——*i' the truth o' the cauſe.*] This is not very eaſily underſtood. We might read:
——o'er *the truth o' the cauſe.* JOHNSON.

Let

Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—— [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler ſtraight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, [9] and to have his worth [1]
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance [2]; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, [3] which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter

[9] ———*and to have his* word
Of *contradiction*——]
The ſenſe here falls miſerably. *He hath been uſed*, ſays the ſpeaker, *ever to conquer*—And what then?—*and to contradict.* We ſhould read and point it thus:
———*and to have his word,*
Off *contradiction.*———
i. e. to have his opinion carry it without contradiction. Here the ſenſe riſes elegantly. *He uſed ever to conquer*; *nay, to conquer without oppoſition.* WARBURTON.

To have his word of contradiction is no more than, *he is uſed to contradict*; and *to have his word*, that is, *not to be oppoſed.* We ſtill ſay of an obſtinate diſputant, *he will have the laſt word.* JOHNSON.

[1] —*and to have his* worth
Of contradiction:——]
The modern editors ſubſtituted *word*; but the old copy reads not *word*, but *worth*, which, I apprehend, is right.—He has been uſed to have his *worth*, or (as we ſhould now ſay) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. MALONE.

[2] *Be* rein'd *again to* temperance;] Our poet ſeems to have taken ſeveral of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is repreſented "holdyng in hyr haund a *bitt of an horſe.*" TOLLET.

[3] ———*which looks*
With us to break his neck.]
A familiar phraſe of that time, ſignifying *works with us.* But the Oxford

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.
Cor. Ay, as an oſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by the volume [4].—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply'd with worthy men! [5] plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wiſh.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. Liſt to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I ſay.
Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.
Both Tri. Well, ſay.—Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,

Oxford editor, underſtanding the ſenſe better than the expreſſion, gives us here Shakeſpeare's meaning in his own words. WARBURTON.

To *look* is to *wait* or *expect.* The ſenſe I believe is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck.* JOHNSON.

4 *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

5 ———*plant love among us!*
Through *our large temples with the ſhews of peace,*
And not our ſtreets with war!]
We ſhould read:
Throng *our large temples*———
The other is rank nonſenſe. WARBURTON.

 Allow

Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.
Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move laughter only.
Men. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier: Do not take
His rougher accents[6] for malicious ſounds;
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than[7] envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for conſul with full voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all[8] ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i' the loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,

[6] *His rougher accents*] The old copy reads—*actions*. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

[7] *Rather than envy you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. JOHNSON.

[8] —*ſeaſon'd office,*—] All *office eſtabliſhed* and *ſettled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long uſe. JOHNSON.

In

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.
We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him; even this,
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves the extreameſt death.

Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——

Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people[9], ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; [1]as now at laſt
Given

[9] *Envy'd* againſt *the people.*] i. e. behaved with ſigns of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

[1] ——as *now at laſt,*] Read rather:
——has *now at laſt.* JOHNSON.

Given hostile strokes, and that [2] not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
[3] My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *not in the presence*] *Not* stands again for *not only*. JOHNSON.

It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8. "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *My dear wife's estimate,*——] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife*. JOHNSON.

As

As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! [4] Have the power still
To banish your defenders: 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives [5], to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

[4] ——*Have the power still*
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels, &c.]
Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our authour's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

[5] Abated *captives.*] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirits. So, in the tragedy of *Darius* by lord Sterline, 1603:

"Star-boasting Babylon, blush to behold
"One call'd thy king, surmounted and *abated.*"

Abated has the same power as the French *abattu.*
Again, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by the same author:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud." i.e.
Parcere subjectis et debellare *superbos.* STEEVENS.

As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewel:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: [6] fortune's blows,
When

[6] ———— *fortune's blows,*
When most struck-home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning.]

This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our authour's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uni-

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
[7] 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With [8] cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. [9] My first son,

Whi-

uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON.

[7] *'Tis fond*——] i. e. 'tis foolish. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

[9] *My first son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARBURTON.

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth,
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
[1] My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

The author of the *Revisal* would read:
My fierce *son.* STEEVENS.
[1] *My friends of noble touch:* ———] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus, with an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.

Bru. Diſmiſs them home. [*Exit Ædile.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They ſay, ſhe's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear;—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone? [*To Brutus.*

Vir. [*To Sicin.*] You ſhall ſtay too: I would, I had the power
To ſay ſo to my huſband.

Sic.

[2] *Sic.* Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? [3] Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go;—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,

---

[2] Sic. *Are you* mankind?
Vol. *Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—*
Was not a man my father?——]
The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:
——*Note but this fool.*—
Was not a man my father? JOHNSON.
So, Jonson, in the *Silent Woman:*
"O *mankind* generation!"
Shakespeare himself, in the *Winter's Tale:*
"——a *mankind* witch."
Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso:*
"See, see this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,
"This shameless whore."
Ben Jonson:
"Pallas, nor thee I call on, *mankind* maid." STEEVENS.

[3] *Hadst thou foxship*] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

As

As he began; and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brv. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, ſir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo far, my ſon,
(This lady's huſband here, this, do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Su. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing elſe to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well, ſir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is ſo, ſir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my ſervices are, as you are, againſt 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The ſame, ſir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I laſt ſaw you; [3] but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian ſtate, to find you out there: You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome ſtrange inſurrection: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks

[3] ——*but your favour is well* appear'd *by your tongue.*] This is ſtrange nonſenſe. We ſhould read:

——*is well* appeal'd,

i. e. brought into remembrance. WARBURTON.

I ſhould read:

——*is well* affear'd.

That is, *ſtrengthened, atteſted,* a word uſed by our authour.

"*My title is* affear'd." Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be *to bring to remembrance,* but *appeal* has another meaning. JOHNSON.

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd *by your tongue,*

i. e. your tongue ſtrengthens the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet,* ſc. i:

"That if again this apparition come,
"He may *approve* our eyes, and ſpeak to it."

STEEVENS.

not

not ſo; they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, ſir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, The fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her huſband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer Coriolanus being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chooſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall, between this and ſupper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one: the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted, [4] already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, ſir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

[4] —*already in the entertainment*,] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

Vol.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium.

Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir[5]
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

[5] *many an heir*, &c.] *Heir* is, probably, here used in its obvious and ordinary sense, for *presumptive successor*; the younger part of the inhabitants of Antium being most likely to have been engaged in battle. However, the words *many an heir* may signify *the actual owners, or possessors*; for *to inherit*, and *to possess*, are used by our author as synonimous terms. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——such delight,
Among fresh female buds, shall you this night
Inherit at my house."

Again *Titus Andronicus*:

"To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to *inherit* it." MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. Which is his houſe, 'beſeech you?
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, ſir; farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*
[6] O, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity: So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues. [7] So with me:——
My

6 *O, world, thy ſlippery turns!* &c.] This fine picture of common friendſhips, is an artful introduction to the ſudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no leſs artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

7 ——*So with me:*——
My country have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's town I'll enter; if he ſlay me, &c.
He who reads this would think that he was reading the lines of Shakeſpeare: except that Coriolanus, being already in the town, ſays, he *will enter it.* Yet the old edition exhibits it thus:
——*So with me,*
My birth-place have *I, and my loves upon*
This enemie towne: I'll enter if he ſlay me, &c.
The intermediate line ſeems to be loſt, in which, conformably to his former obſervations, he ſays, that *he has* loſt *his birth-place, and his loves upon* a petty diſpute, and is trying his chance in *this enemy town:* he then cries, turning to the houſe of Aufidius, *I'll enter if he ſlay me.*
I have preſerved the common reading, becauſe it is, though faulty, yet intelligible, and the original paſſage, for want of copies, cannot be reſtored. JOHNSON.
Perhaps the alteration of a ſingle letter may recover ſufficient ſenſe. I read:
My

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Aufidius's Houſe.

Muſick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What ſervice is here! I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my maſter calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly houſe: The feaſt ſmells well: but I
Appear not like a gueſt.

Re-enter the firſt Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, ſir? Has the porter his eyes

My birth-place hate *I, and my love's upon*
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he ſlay me,
He does, &c.
This alteration, on account of its ſlightneſs, may be admitted in preference to the former one made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions [8]? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troubleſome.

2 *Serv.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the houſe: Pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, ſo I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my maſter what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I ſhall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

[8] *That he gives entrance to ſuch* companions?] *Companion* was formerly uſed in the ſame ſenſe as we now uſe the word *fellow.* MALONE.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, with the second Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?
Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus [9],

Not

[9] *If Tullus,* &c.] These speeches are taken from the following in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynefull seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me for the rest, the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the darstardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee

Not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not
Think me for the man I am, neceſſity
Commands me name myſelf.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmuſical to the Volces' ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'ſt thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My ſurname, Coriolanus: The painful ſervice,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſurname; [1] a good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhouldſt bear me, only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;

thee, ſpede thee now, and let my miſerie ſerue thy turne, and ſo vſe it, as my ſeruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promiſing thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was againſt you, knowing that they fight more valliantly, who knowe the force of their enemie, then ſuch as haue neuer proued it. And if it be ſo that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more: then am I alſo weary to liue any longer. And it were no wiſedome in thee, to ſaue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whoſe ſeruice now can nothing helpe nor pleaſure thee."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *a good* memory,] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was uſed at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*.

JOHNSON.

And ſuffer'd me by the voice of ſlaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Miſtake me not, to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere ſpite,
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou haſt
[2] A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe [3] maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn; ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'art tir'd, then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart

[2] *A heart of* wreak *in thee,* ——] A heart of reſentment. JOHNSON.

Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."
Again, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83:
"She ſaith that hir ſelfe ſhe ſholde
"Do *wreche* with hir owne honde." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *maims*
Of ſhame ——]
That is, diſgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNSON.

A root

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters [4]! Here I clip
The anvil of my ſword; and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe mine arm for't: Thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel elſe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly ſenators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for Rome itſelf.

[4] *And* ſcar'd *the moon.*] Folio—*ſcarr'd.* Perhaps rightly, to diſtinguiſh it from *ſcared* or frightened:—yet it ſhould not be concealed that in *King Rich.* III. we meet:
"*Amaze* the welkin with your broken ſtaves." MALONE.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute ſir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commiſſion; and ſet down,—
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock againſt the gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say, *yea,* to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Moſt welcome! [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a ſtrange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him: He had, ſir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had ſo; looking, as it were,—'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my maſter?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth ſix of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; [5] sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was

[5] *sanctifies himself with's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

yesterday: for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. [6] He will go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave [7] his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their

[6] *He will* — sowle *the porter of Rome gates by th' ears.*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.* So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

"Venus will *sowle me by the ears* for this."

Perhaps Shakespeare's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus.* STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakespeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. "A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 158. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage *to sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

[7] —*his passage poll'd.*] That is, *bared, cleared.* JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damætas' Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd.*"

It likewise signify'd to cut off the head. So in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floddon Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,
"Or thousand heads shall there be *polled.*" STEEVENS.

bur-

burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing [8], but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and [9] full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd [1], deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; [2] because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volces.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *This peace is nothing but to rust*, &c.] I believe a word or two have been lost:

This peace is good for *nothing but*, &c. MALONE.

[9] *full of vent.*] Full of *rumour*, full of materials for *discourse*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*mull'd*,——] i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus.* HANMER.

[2] —*because they then less need one another*:] Shakespeare, when he chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it into the mouth of some low buffoon character. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A publick Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
[3] His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietneſs o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtering ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind
Of late.—Hail, ſir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miſs'd,

[3] *His remedies are tame i' the preſent peace,*] The old reading is,
His remedies are tame, the preſent peace.
I do not underſtand either line, but fancy it ſhould be read thus:
———*neither need we fear him;*
His remedies are ta'en, *the preſent peace,*
And quietneſs o' the people,———
The meaning, ſomewhat harſhly expreſſed, according to our authour's cuſtom, is this: *We need not fear him, the proper remedies* against him *are taken*, by reſtoring *peace and quietneſs.*' JOHNSON.
I rather ſuppoſe the meaning of Sicinius to be this:
His remedies are tame,
i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like theſe. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have ſtrove to remedy his diſgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit ſubjects for the factious to work upon. STEEVENS.

But

But with his friends: the common-wealth doth ſtand;
And ſo would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preſerve you both!
Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
1 *Cit.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wiſh'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
All. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying, Confuſion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving,——
Sic. And [4] affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.
Men. I think not ſo.

[4] ——— *affecting one ſole throne,*
Without aſſiſtance.
That is, without *aſſeſſors*; without any other ſuffrage. JOHNSON.

Sic.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But [5] reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

[5] ———reason *with the fellow*] That is, have some *talk* with him. In this sense Shakespeare often uses the word. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going
All to the ſenate-houſe: ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this ſlave;——
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!
Meſſ. Yes, worthy ſir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainſt Rome;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sic. This is moſt likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius [6] can no more atone,
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the ſenate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,

6 ——*can no more* atone,] This is a very elegant expreſſion, and taken from uniſon ſtrings giving the ſame *tone* or ſound.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's etymology is not juſt. *Atone* ſeems to be derived from *at* and *one*—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union.
MALONE.

To *atone*, in the active ſenſe, is to *reconcile*, and is ſo uſed by our authour. To *atone* here, is, in the neutral ſenſe, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*. JOHNSON.

Aſſo-

Aſſociated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples [7] burned in their cement; and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?——
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius ſhould be joined with the Volces,——
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better: and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation [8], and

[7] ——*burned in their* cement,——] *Cement* for cincture or incloſure; becauſe *both* have the idea of holding together. WARBURTON.

Cement has here its common ſignification. JOHNSON.

[8] *Upon the voice of* occupation.] *Occupation* is here uſed for *mechanicks*, men *occupied* in daily buſineſs. So, Horace uſes *artes* for *artifices*.

"*Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat* artes
"*Infra ſe poſitas.*" MALONE.

The

[9] The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He'll ſhake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did ſhake down mellow fruit[1].
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, ſir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt[2]; and, who reſiſt,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find ſomething in him.

Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: for his beſt friends, if they

[9] *The breath of garlick-eaters!*] To ſmell of garlick was once ſuch a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spaniſh knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

To ſmell of *leeks* was no leſs a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

" ——*quis tecum ſectile porrum*
" *Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?*"

And from the following paſſage in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it ſhould appear that *garlick* was once much uſed in England, and afterwards as much out of faſhion.

" Fortune favours nobody but *garlick*, nor *garlick* neither now; yet ſhe has ſtrong reaſon to love it: for though *garlick* made her ſmell abominably in the noſtrils of the gallants, yet ſhe had ſmelt and ſtunk worſe but for *garlick*."

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deſerted fellow, a perſon left to ſuffer without friends to aſſiſt him. STEEVENS.

[1] *As Hercules*, &c.] An alluſion to the apples of the Heſperides. STEEVENS.

[2] *Do* ſmilingly *revolt*;——] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *ſeemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To revolt ſmilingly is to revolt with ſigns of pleaſure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

Should

Should ſay, *Be good to Rome*, [3] they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, '*Beſeech you, ceaſe*.—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
[4] They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the cluſters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they

[3] —*they charge him*, &c.] Their *charge* or injunction would ſhew them inſenſible of his wrongs, and make them *ſhew like enemies*. I read *ſhew*, not *ſhewed*, *like enemies*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon propoſes to read:

And therein ſhew

The old copy has *charg'd* and *ſhew'd*. If one is changed, ſo ought the other. I read:

They'd charge *him*——

——*and therein* ſhew. MALONE.

The old reading, which I have reſtor'd, is undoubtedly the true one. STEEVENS.

[4] *They'll roar him in again.*——] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with ſcoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

That

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry[5]!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exit Com. and Men.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth

[5] *You and your* cry!] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. STEEVENS.

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
[6] As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: [7] whether 'twas pride,

6 *As is the* osprey——] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. Pope.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

" The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
" Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,
" But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
" Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
" They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

Langton.

So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

" I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,
" That as she flyeth over fish in pools,
" The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,
" And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Such, is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Floddon*, that the *osprey* is a " rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." Steevens.

7 ——*whether 'was pride,*
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether——]

Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. Johnson.

Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But [8] he has a merit,
To choak it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
[9] And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
[1] Right's by right fouler, strengths by strength do fail.
Come,

[8] ——— *he has a merit*
To choak it in the utterance ———]
He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

[9] *And power, unto itself most commendable,*
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.]
This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations:
——— *unto itself most commendable.*
i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

[1] *Right's by right* fouler,——] This has no manner of sense. We should read:
Right's by right fouled,———
Or, as it is commonly written in English, *foiled*, from the French, *fouler*, to tread or trample under foot. WARBURTON.

I believe *rights*, like *strengths*, is a plural noun. I read:
Rights by rights founder, *strengths by strengths do fail.*
That is, by the exertion of one right another right is lamed. JOHNSON.

Right's

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public Place in Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, and Brutus, with others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus

Right's by right fouler, ——] i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakespeare.

Fouled, however, is certainly an English word, and is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441;

"Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the sight."

There is likewise the following proverb—*York doth* foul *Sutton*—i. e. *exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor.* STEEVENS.

He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, [2] that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory [3]!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected: He reply'd,
[4] It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,

[2] ——*that have* rack'd *for Rome*,] We should read, *reck'd*, i. e. been careful, provident for. In this insinuation of their only minding trifles, he satirizes them for their injustice to Coriolanus; which was like to end in the ruin of their country. The Oxford editor, seeing nothing of this, reads:

——*have* sack'd fair *Rome*. WARBURTON.

Rack'd for Rome is surely the right reading. To *rack* means *to harrass by exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

"The commons hast thou *rack'd*; the clergy's bags
"Are lank and lean with thy extortions."

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

[3] ——memory *for* memorial. So, in *As You Like It*:

"——O, you *memory*
"Of old sir Rowland!——" STEEVENS.

[4] *It was a* bare *petition*——] *Bare*, for mean, beggarly. WARBURTON.

I believe rather, a petition unsupported, unaided by names that might give it influence. JOHNSON.

A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. STEEVENS.

For

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe the offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of thoſe; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon: We muſt be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and ſay that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs? Say't be ſo?
Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
[5] He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd

[5] *He was not taken well; he had not din'd, &c.*] This obſervation is not only from nature, and finely expreſſed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. [6] I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
[7] Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So,

[6] *I tell you, he does sit in gold;*——] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη——Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "—he was set in his chaire of state, with a marvelous and unspeakable majestie." Shakespeare has a somewhat similar idea in *K. Henry* VIII. act I. sc. i.

"All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.*] This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

Bound with an oath not *to yield to* new *conditions.*

They might have read more smoothly:

——*to yield* no *new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

——*What he would do,*
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this;

* So that all hope is vain;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Volcian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch, or Guard.

1 *Watch.* Stay: Whence are you?
2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,

this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. FARMER.

* *So that all hope is vain;*
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country——]

Unless his mother and wife—do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read:

Force *mercy to his country.*——

and th[illegible]ht. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus;

——*mean to solicit him*
For mercy to his country——*Therefore,* &c.

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Menenius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

It has been proposed to me to read;

So that all hope is vain,
Unless in his *noble mother and his wife,* &c.

In his, abbreviated *in's*, might have been easily mistaken by such inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

I am

I am an officer of state, and come
To ſpeak with Coriolanus.
1 *Watch.* From whence?
Men. From Rome.
1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return; our general
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is [9] lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is, Menenius.
1 *Watch.* Be it ſo; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, hapily, amplified;
[1] For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of

[9] ——*lots to blanks,*] A *lot* here is a *prize.* JOHNSON.

[1] *For I have ever* verified *my friends*
——*with all the ſize that* verity, &c.]
Shakeſpeare's mighty talent in painting the manners is eſpecially remarkable in this place. Menenius here, and Polonius in *Hamlet*, have much of the ſame natural character. The difference is only accidental. The one was a ſenator in a free ſtate, and the other a courtier and miniſter to a king; which two circumſtances afforded matter for that inimitable ridicule thrown over the character of Polonius. For the reſt, there is an equal complaiſance for thoſe they follow; the ſame diſpoſition to be a *creature*; the ſame love of prate; the ſame affectation of wiſdom, and forwardneſs to be in buſineſs. But we muſt never believe Shakeſpeare could make either of them ſay, *I have verified my friends with all the ſize of verity*; nay, what is more extraordinary, *verified them beyond verity*. Without doubt he wrote
For I have ever narrified *my friends:*
i. e. made their encomium. This too agrees with the foregoing meta-

(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground [2],
I have tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing: Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* 'Faith, 'ſir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is

metaphors of *book*, *read*, and conſtitutes an uniformity amongſt them. From whence the Oxford editor took occaſion to read *magnified:* which makes the abſurdity much worſe than he found it: for, to *magnify* ſignifies to *exceed* the truth; ſo that this critic makes him ſay, he *magnified* his friend *within* the ſize of verity; i. e. he exceeded truth, even while he kept within it. WARBURTON.

If the commentator had given any example of the word *narrify*, the correction would have been not only received, but applauded. Now, ſince the new word ſtands without authority, we muſt try what ſenſe the old one will afford. To *verify* is *to eſtabliſh by teſtimony*. One may ſay with propriety, *he brought falſe witneſſes to* verity *his title*. Shakeſpeare conſidered the word with his uſual laxity, as importing rather *teſtimony* than *truth*, and only meant to ſay, *I* bore witneſs *to my friends with all the ſize that verity would ſuffer*.

I muſt remark, that to *magnify* ſignifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not neceſſarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varniſhed*; but Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the old word renders all change unneceſſary.

To *varify* may, however, ſignify to *diſplay*. Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in poſſeſſion of the late dutcheſs of Northumberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in the *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 279. 3d edit:

"In hys ſcheld did ſchyne a mone *veryfying* her light."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*upon a* ſubtle *ground*,] *Subtle* means *ſmooth*, *level*. So, Jonſon, in one of his maſques:

"Tityus's breaſt is counted the *ſubtleſt* bowling ground in all Tartarus."

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-greens are. STEEVENS.

Mene-

Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, [3] the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the

[3] *the virginal* palms *of your daughters,*] By *virginal palms* may be indeed understood the holding up the hands in supplication. Therefore I have altered nothing. But as this sense is cold, and gives us even a ridiculous idea; and as the *passions* of the several intercessors seem intended to be here represented, I suspect Shakespeare might write *pasmes* or *pames*, i. e. swooning fits, from the French *pasmer* or *pâmer*. I have frequently used the liberty to give sense to an unmeaning passage by the introduction of a French word of the same sound, which I suppose to be of Shakespeare's own coining. And I am certainly to be justified in so doing, by the great number of such sort of words to be found in the common text. But for a further justification of this liberty, take the following instance; where all must agree that the common reading is corrupt by the editors inserting an English word they understood, instead of one coined by Shakespeare out of the French, which they understood not. It is in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, where he is speaking of the office and empire of Time, and the effects it produces in the world:

Time's glory is ———
To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish *springs.*

The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiments here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, not the *repairs* of time. The poet certainly wrote:

To

the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant[4] as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended

To dry the old oak's sap, and tarish springs.
i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir* or *tarissement*, *exarefacere*, *exsiccatio* these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note, because it contains an apology for many others. It is not denied that many French words were mingled in the time of Elizabeth with our language, which have since been ejected, and that any which are known to have been then in use may be properly recalled when they will help the sense. But when a word is to be admitted, the first question should be, by whom was it ever received? In what book can it be shewn? If it cannot be proved to have been in use, the reasons which can justify its reception must be stronger than any critick will often have to bring. Even in this certain emendation, the new word is very liable to contest. I should read:

——— *and* perish *springs*.

The word *perish* is commonly neutral, but in conversation is often used actively, and why not in the works of a writer negligent beyond all others of grammatical niceties? JOHNSON.

After all, I believe the former reading of the passage in *Tarquin and Lucrece* to be the true one. Shakespeare's meaning is, that *Time* was variously employed, both in destroying old things, and in raising up young ones. The next stanza sufficiently proves it:

"To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
"To make the child a man, the man a child;
"To chear the ploughman with encreaseful crops,
"And waste huge stones with little water-drops.
"To dry the old oak's sap, and *cherish springs*,"

i. e. to dry up the old oak's sap, and consequently to destroy it; and likewise to *cherish springs*, i. e. to raise up or nourish the shoots of coppice-wood, or of young trees, groves, and plantations. The word *springs* is used in this sense by Chaucer, Spenser, Fairfax, Drayton, Donne, and Milton, as well as by the old writers on husbandry, Fitzherbert, Tusser, Markham, and by Shakespeare himself in the *Comedy of Errors*.

"——— shall, Antipholus,
"Even in the spring of love, thy love-*springs* rot?"

Again, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. "We have manie woods, forrests, and parks which *cherish* trees abundantlie, beside infinit numbers of hedge rowes, groves, and *springs*, that are mainteined &c." Thus far Mr. Tollet.

Dr. Warburton is surely unfortunate in the assortment of French words

tended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. [5] Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

words exhibited on the present occasion, since the *first* never was admitted as a *noun* into the French language, nor can the latter possibly be claimed by any language at all. The attempt to introduce *pasmes* instead of *palms* ridicules itself.

The adjective *virginal* is used in *Woman is a Weather-cock*, 1612:
"Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears."

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. ix:
"She to them made with mildness *virginal*." STEEVENS.

Whether the word *perish* be right or not in this place, Dr. Johnson truly observes, that it is sometimes used actively. In the *Maid's Tragedy*
"——Let not my sins," says Evadne to Amintor,
"*Perish* your noble youth." FARMER.

Again, in the Second Eclogue of *Drayton*.
"And hath for ever *perished* my sale."

Again, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:
"———his wants
"And miseries have *perish'd* his good face." STEEVENS.

[4] *a decay'd dotant*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read —*dotard*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.*] As these words are read and pointed, the sentence [*that's the utmost of your having*] signifies, you are like to get no further. Whereas the author evidently intended it to refer to *the half pint of blood* he speaks of, and to mean, that that was all he had in his veins. The thought is humourous; and to disembarras it from the corrupt expression, we should read and point it thus, *Lest I let forth your half pint of blood: that's the utmost of your having. Back, back.* WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning never was mistaken, and therefore do not change the reading. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my ſon Coriolanus: [6] gueſs, by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtand'ſt not i' the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does! O, my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: [7] Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lyes
In Volcian breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather

[6] —*gueſs but my entertainment with him*;] I read, *Gueſs by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtandeſt not i' the ſtate of hanging.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards had propoſed the ſame emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. STEEVENS.

[7] ———— *Though I owe*
My revenge properly, ———]
Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveneſs the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

Than

Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake,
[*Gives him a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt—

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, ſir, is your name Menenius.

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are [8] ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2 *Watch.* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, you are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worſt. For you, be that you are, long; and your miſery increaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —*how we are* ſhent] *Shent* is *brought to deſtruction.* JOHNSON.
Shent does not mean *brought to deſtruction*, but *ſhamed, diſgraced, made aſhamed of himſelf*. See the old ballad of the *Heir of Linne*, in the ſecond volume of *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*:

"Sorely *ſhent* with this rebuke
"Sorely *ſhent* was the heir of Linne;
"His heart, I wis, was near-to braſt
"With guilt and ſorrow, ſhame and ſinne." PERCY.

SCENE III.

A Tent.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set down our hoſt.—My partner in this action,
You muſt report to the Volcian lords, [9] how plainly
I have borne this buſineſs.
Auf. Only their ends
You have reſpected; ſtopp'd your ears againſt
The general ſuit of Rome; never admitted
A private whiſper, no, not with ſuch friends
That thought them ſure of you.
Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Though I ſhew'd ſourly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Freſh embaſſies, and ſuits,
Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius, with Attendants, all in mourning.

My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mold

[9] ——— *how plainly*
I have borne this buſineſs.]
That is, *how openly*, *how* remotely from artifice or concealment.
JOHNSON.

 Wherein

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so [9].

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
[1] Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip

[9] *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*
Makes you think so.]
Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.
JOHNSON.

[1] *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,* ——] That is, *by Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

Hath

Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—You gods! I prate [2],
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Vol. O, ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt, with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as miſtaken all the while [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
[*Pointing to Valeria.*

Cor. [3] The noble ſiſter of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the iſicle [4]
That's

[2] —*I* prate.] The old copy—I *pray*. The merit of the alteration is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

[3] *The noble ſiſter of Publicola,*] Valeria, methinks, ſhould not have been brought only to fill up the proceſſion without ſpeaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet deſigned the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compoſe this ſpeech might be given to the ſiſter of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the ſcheme to ſolicit Coriolanus was originally propoſed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no addreſs when ſhe comes with his wife and mother on this occaſion. STEEVENS.

[4] *chaſte as the* iſicle, &c.] I cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful paſſage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praiſe of a lady's chaſtity is likewiſe attempted:

 —*thou*

That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor [5] epitome of yours, [*Shewing young Marcius.*
Which by the interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all yourſelf.

Cor. The god of ſoldiers,
[6] With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs; that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i'the wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding [7] every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.

Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The things, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics.—Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not

" ———— *thou art chaſte*
" *As the white down of heaven, whoſe feathers play*
" *Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,*
" *Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*epitome of yours,*] I read:
———— *epitome of* you.
An epitome of you, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time,* may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

[6] *With the conſent of ſupreme Jove,*———] This is inſerted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*every flaw,*] That is, every *guſt,* every *ſtorm.* JOHNSON.

To

To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more!
You have ſaid, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will aſk;
That, if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your requeſt?

Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment[8]

And

[8] *Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment*, &c.] "The ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (ſays Mr. Pope) be as well made an inſtance of the learning of Shakeſpeare, as thoſe copied from Cicero, in *Cataline*, of Ben Jonſon's." Let us inquire into this matter, and tranſcribe a *ſpeech* for a ſpecimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than thrown the very words of North into blank verſe.

"If we helde our peace (my ſonne) and determined not to ſpeake, the ſtate of our poore bodies, and preſent ſight of our rayment, would eaſely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, ſince thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy ſelfe, howe much more unfortunately, then all the women liuinge we are come hether, conſidering that the ſight which ſhould be moſt pleaſaunt to all other to beholde, ſpitefull fortune hath made moſt fearfull to us: making my ſelfe to ſee my ſonne, and my daughter here, her huſband, beſieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adverſitie and miſerie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into moſt deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for ſafety of thy life alſo: but a worlde of grievous curſes, yea more then any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter ſoppe of moſt harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, to foregoe the one of the two: either to loſe the perſone of thy ſelfe, or the nurſe of their natiue contrie. For my ſelfe (my ſonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life time doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perſuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to ouerthrowe and deſtroye the one, pre-

And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
[9] Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital: thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner

ferring loue and nature before the malice and calamitie of warres; thou ſhalt ſee, my ſonne, and truſt unto it, thou ſhalt no ſoner marche forward to aſſault thy countrie, but thy foote ſhall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee firſt into this world." FARMER.

[9] *Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake*——] That is, *conſtrains* the eye to *weep*, *and* the heart to *ſhake*. JOHNSON.

March

March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Virg. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He ſhall not tread on me;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long.
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſt*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the enſuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected [1] the fine ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
[2] And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt
That

[1] ——*the fine ſtrains*——] The niceties, the refinements. JOHNSON.

[2] *And yet to* change *thy ſulphur*——] We ſhould read *charge.*

That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
[3] Like one i' the ſtocks. Thou haſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen!) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But, if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To his ſurname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end;
This is the laſt:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowſhip,
[4] Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volſce unto his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our diſpatch:
I am huſh'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

The meaning of the paſſage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

[3] *Like one i' the ſtocks.*——] Keep me in a ſtate of ignominy talking to no purpoſe. JOHNSON.

[4] *Does reaſon our petition*——] Does *argue for* us and our petition. JOHNSON.

Cor.

Cor. Mother, mother[5]!——

[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you: and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that[6] I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,

[5] *Mother, mother!*—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her hande by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see myself vanquished by you alone." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I'll work*
Myself a former fortune.]
I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

On

On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
[7] Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you [8]: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum, in Rome.

Enter Menenius, and Sicinius.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol; yon corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.

[7] Cor. —*Come enter with us: Ladies, you deserve,* &c.] This speech, beginning at *Ladies you deserve*—which is absurdly given to Coriolanus, belongs to Aufidius. For it cannot be supposed that the other, amidst all the disorder of violent and contrary passions, could be calm and disengaged enough to make so gallant a compliment to the ladies. Let us farther observe from this speech, where he says:

——all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms.

And from that a little before:

——Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy;——

That the poet's head was running on the later grandeur of Rome, when as at this time her dominion extended only a few miles round the city. WARBURTON.

The speech suits Aufidius justly enough, if it had been written for him; but it may, without impropriety, be spoken by Coriolanus: and since the copies give it to him, why should we dispossess him? JOHNSON.

[8] *To have a temple built you.*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion, by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than [9] an eight year old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. [1] He ſits in his ſtate, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that ſhall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

[9] *—than an eight year old horſe.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

[1] *He ſits in his ſtate*] In a foregoing note he was ſaid to *ſit in gold.* The phraſe, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to reſemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?
Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?
Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Sound still, with the shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mes.

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the stage, &c. &c.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!——

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A publick place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.——Most welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt noble ſir,
If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs,
When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping,—

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe.
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: 'till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
* He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.*

* *He wag'd me with his countenance,—*] This is obſcure. The meaning, I think, is, he *preſcribed* to me with an air of authority,

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,——

Auf. There was it;——
[3] For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,

ity, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, by Heywood, 1638:

"——I receive thee gladly to my house,
"And *wage* thy stay.——"

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "——by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price."

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages*. So, in Geo. Wither's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Good speed befall thee who hast *wag'd a task*,
"That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

"————must *wage*
"Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in lord Surry's translation of the Second Book of *Virgil's Æneis*:

"——what Dolopes?
"What stern Ulysses' *waged* soldier?"

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of K. John*, p. 168: "——the summe of 28 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men." Again, speaking of *K. Hen.* IV. p. 524: "—the king wanted money for that enterprize, and to *wage* his soldiers."

STEEVENS.

[3] *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd*—] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

Whose

Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin: and give away
The benefit of our levies, [4] answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; the Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,

[4] ——— *answering us*
With our own charge; ———]
That is, *rewarding us with our own expences;* making the cost of the war its recompence. JOHNSON.

That

That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought home,
Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?——
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more [5].

[5] Auf. *No more.*] This should rather be given to the *first lord.* It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the alterca- tion. TYRWHITT.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O ſlave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie: and his own notion,
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave) ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! Falſe hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently.
[*The Croud ſpeak promiſcuouſly.*
He kill'd my ſon,—My daughter,—He kill'd my couſin Marcus.
He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.—
The man is noble, and [6] his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth: His laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With ſix Aufidiuſes, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!

Auf. Inſolent villain!

6 ——— *his fame folds in*
This orb o' the earth: ———]
His fame overſpreads the world. JOHNSON.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Marcius, who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know, (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:—
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory [7].—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead march sounded.*

[7] ——*a noble* memory.] *Memory* for *Memorial.*] So, in *As you Like It:*

——O, you

——O, you *Memory*
Of old ſir Rowland! STEEVENS.

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the moſt amuſing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modeſty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtineſs in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian inſolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleaſing and intereſting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curioſity. There is, perhaps, too much buſtle in the firſt act, and too little in the laſt. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE SEVENTH.